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# Forum

## **The Civil Service of Canada**

*W. L. Grant*

## **Five Views of Mr. Bennett**

*F. H. Underhill and Others*

## **That Tory Hepburn**

*J. G. D.*

## **The Ayrshire Muse**

*Tam Rabson*

## **David B. Milne**

*Donald W. Buchanan*

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Editor: STEVEN CARTWRIGHT

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## CONTRIBUTORS

The stock question of the month has been 'What do you think of Mr. Bennett?' and many answers are hazarded in this issue. The repercussions of the Prime Minister's radio addresses in the home of high finance and in the West are described, the latter by W. B. HERBERT. PROFESSOR F. H. UNDERHILL and D. C. MCGREGOR lay the proposals under the microscope; the former is the President of the L.S.R. and the latter is an expert in public finance, while IVAN GLASSCO contributes his impression of the reasons for Mr. Bennett's conversion. The late Dr. W. L. GRANT, Principal of Upper Canada College, has dealt with the suggested reform of the civil service, making positive proposals for the improvement of that body.

Perhaps the most incisive comments upon Mr. Bennett are made by 'Robbie' Burns, who comes to life again and comments upon the Canadian political scene in characteristic style; his remarks are recorded by TAM RABSON, a lesser known Canadian writer who claims to be a direct descendant of the great Scotch poet, although some cynics deny this on account of Rabson's blood relationship to J. MEYER, the brilliant young Jew who contributed 'The Lay of Elijah' to the August issue.

J. ROSS McLEAN of Ottawa contributes the first of a series of regular letters from Parliament Hill, while ROBERT F. LEGGET, a civil engineer of the province of Quebec, discusses the anomalous composition of Parliament, especially from the point of view of his own profession. S. H. ABRAMSON, a Montrealer who has written on economic and political matters in several publications, discusses a problem facing the new central bank. CHARLES CLAY, who contributes 'Cloud Wrangler', is the literary editor of the Winnipeg 'Free Press'.

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol XV

Toronto, February, 1935

No. 173

## Five Views of Mr. Bennett

ST. JAMES STREET

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S programme has met with powerful opposition from Wall Street. It was natural. It was to be expected. St. James Street is the financial centre of Canada. It is traditionally conservative. It could not be expected to view with equanimity the adoption by a Conservative Prime Minister of a radical-liberal plan for the reform of the capitalist system. It was happy when he declared some months ago that an N.R.A. would not suit Canada. It proudly proclaimed that Canada was on the way to recovery with a minimum of governmental interference. Its remarks were echoed and re-echoed in Wall Street publications. Then came the Bank of Canada Act, and the Natural Products Marketing Act, and monetary reforms. These measures aroused some doubts in the minds of conservatives, but there was no serious dissent. The situation is now different. Mr. Bennett denies that capitalism is one hundred per cent. honest or efficient. St. James Street is disappointed. In fact, it doesn't like it.

The *Montreal Gazette* is the traditional organ of the Federal Conservative party. It has never shown anything but contempt for the Liberals. More particularly it has always ridiculed the stand taken by Mr. King—whatever that stand might be. But the *Gazette* is also the organ of St. James Street. It seeks to protect its interests with great zeal. It eyes all legislation and proposed legislation with great care in order to locate any possible germ of radicalism. It fears radicalism. It sees it in all social legislation, in all trade union activity, in the governmental operation of railways, and in the Natural Products Marketing Act. It likes Section 98 of the Criminal Code and classes Mr. Woodsworth with Mr. Tim Buck, and both of the latter with Mephistopheles. And so, when Mr. Bennett joins other 'radicals' in recommending unemployment and health insurance, stringent company legislation, an economic advisory council, and other reforms long ago introduced in Great Britain, the *Gazette* throws him over. His move 'makes no sense', it says. It is bitterly disappointed; and so, therefore, are some persons on St. James Street.

This feeling of resentment, however, is not unanimous. The *Star*, which has always been friendly to Mr. Roosevelt, is glad that Mr. Bennett has at last appreciated that 'all is not well'. It urges that he be given a fair hearing. The president of the Royal Bank admits, in his annual address to the shareholders, that the capitalist system is not perfect, and that some reforms are necessary. He urges that the authorities 'make haste slowly'. Some brokerage houses contend that Mr. Bennett has now added to the uncertainties of the business situation; but others are glad that he 'is going to do something'. And, it is of interest to note, that the joint chairmen of Mr. Bennett's meeting in Montreal, following the delivery of his radio addresses, were the president of the Montreal Board of Trade and the president of its French-speaking counterpart, La Chambre de Commerce!

St. James Street is by no means united!

THE WEST

**T**HE West is like the lady who wrote: 'I have been in bed with the same doctor for five years and he hasn't done me any good.' Now the doctor comes along and says he wasn't even trying to cure the patient, but simply wanted to ease the pain. The patient doesn't like the confession much.

Mr. Bennett's New Testament is not being sneered at in the West. Nor is it being accepted greedily. Westerners have a becoming respect for the Prime Minister of Canada. Irrespective of political stripes, they listened eagerly to his radio deliveries. They frankly admired the facility with which he pyramided phrases and shuffled ideas. Some of the cowboys are questioning the P. M.'s sincerity. Some of them are not. Some talk about unfulfilled promises of 1930. Some don't. Some are tickled pink over the prospect of grower-controlled marketing. Others are not.

The Prime Minister's dissertations upon the need for reforms which may ease the burdens of the poor are being cheered lustily on the prairies as a matter of principle. But as far as that sort of thing goes



the West doesn't care a hoot if the attending magician is Mr. Bennett or somebody else. Mr. Bennett's proffered gift of a New Social Alignment, Bigger and Better Wages and Happy Homes with Steaming Tea-kettles is being examined decently on the prairies. But those funny Prairie Folk are inclined to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

Throughout the woof and warp of prairie comment on Mr. Bennett's new attitude there runs one persistent thread. International trade. The West cannot forget that it is a community producing an annual surplus of foodstuffs which must be moved into the channels of world trade. Perhaps the Westerners have a 'trade complex'. In any event, they regard international trade as one of the important things in life; just as some people spell Toronto with a capital T.

Westerners are devils for punishment. And natural-born gamblers. A lot of them are willing to forgive and forget Mr. Bennett's sins of the past and take another fling on his promises for the future. They rather like his blustering, three-fisted way of smashing out words. It would be folly to overlook that element in the make-up of the West. But it would be even a greater folly to discount the importance which prairie-dwellers attach to foreign trade in this year 1935. Some people will remark that international trade is a pretty abstract conception to think about in days like these. And Westerners will answer: 'So is life.'

Throughout the West there is a lot of talk about our Phoenix-like Prime Minister and his amazing appeal for public support. Favourable talk and unfavourable talk. Some converts to the new campaign have been won; undoubtedly. And the body-temperature of chronic Conservatives has been raised at least thirty degrees. But to the careful observer, who receives his information from here, there and everywhere, there can be little doubt that, as far as the West is concerned, Mr. Bennett has failed to ring the bell.

The West is waiting, impatiently, for a leader who will advocate social reform with equal earnestness but less fireworks, and wider markets with greater enthusiasm.

W. B. HERBERT

#### A SOCIALIST ANALYSIS

**O**F course Mr. Bennett is sincere when on the eve of a general election he suddenly announces a new policy which is a reversal of all the past record of himself and his party. He possesses in a supreme degree the politician's greatest asset, the capacity for auto-intoxication. And if his present solicitude for the forgotten man is not very consistent with his past sneers at derelicts, his threats to use the iron heel of ruthlessness against critics, and his announced policy of protecting the property rights of the successful, only the most inveterate cynics would dwell upon the fact.

But there are certain significant omissions in the radio speeches which make one suspect that the

new convert for social justice has not thought out his policy very thoroughly. He said not a word about the B.N.A. Act, although it is obvious that any attempt to deal with labour conditions or with contributory schemes of social insurance will at once run into the obstacle of provincial jurisdiction. He said not a word about the right of collective bargaining, although all experience has shown that the only ultimate protection of the workers' rights in a capitalistic society is the strong organization of the workers in their own unions; and the Roosevelt New Deal has been turned in a fascist direction against the workers through the failure of the government to stand behind collective bargaining. He promises to bring the dole system to an end but has said nothing about a public works policy to provide the employment which private enterprise is failing to provide. He was very vague on taxation; and the acid test of a capitalist government's sincerity in desiring to distribute more evenly the benefits of the capitalist system is its taxation policy. It may be that this year's budget will remove one's doubts, but the fiscal system of the Bennett government so far has been devoted to passing the burden of taxation from the rich to those of small incomes. Finally Mr. Bennett failed to mention the railway problem save in one ambiguous sentence. This silence is ominous in face of the vigorous campaign for handing over the C.N.R. to the C.P.R. which is supported by practically every big business man in Canada and which may lead, with the help of a complaisant government, to the biggest steal in Canadian history.

As for public opinion, the most remarkable phenomenon is the pathetic belief of worthy middle-class people in the strong-man myth which skilful publicity has built up around Mr. Bennett. The test of a strong man is the way he measures up against other strong men. Mr. Bennett has shown himself a strong man in dealing with the nonentities in his cabinet, in arresting communists, in deporting poor immigrants. But in dealing with our big business interests he has yet to show his power to challenge effectively their control over his government. Since 1930, in fact, his government has acted as a sugar-daddy to the big business interests of Canada. He had his great chance to play the rôle of the Sir Robert Peel of the Canadian Conservative party at the Ottawa Conference in 1932, but after several preliminary gestures he backed down before the determination of the textile interests. One of our textile leaders is Mr. A. O. Dawson, who is at present head of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and who has announced that business men must strive to achieve the golden rule but that they don't want any outside interference in their affairs; and from the point of view of the Golden-Rule Dawsons both governments and trade unions are outsiders. Save when he nationalized radio broadcasting, Mr. Bennett has never done anything of major importance which our big business interests didn't want him to do. They can be trusted to find means to nullify any of his 'reforms' of the capitalist system.

The most significant result of Mr. Bennett's radio speeches has been the relief which they have given to thousands of worried middle-class Christians. As



the depression deepened these people were becoming more and more distressed about the working of our social institutions. They were finding it more and more difficult to meet the arguments of socialists inside and outside the churches. They were beginning to wonder whether they would not have to risk their respectability, for which they and their wives had made a lifetime of sacrifices, and go socialist.

Some of the more vulgar of them had gone Oxford Group as soon as the Buchmanites invaded Canada and had thus compounded for the evils of the economic system by damning their own past sins in respect to wine and women. But most of them, to their credit, were still worrying. And now Mr. Bennett has come along and has proclaimed that he will reform the capitalist system and that his reforms won't involve any unpleasantness to them personally. They can go back to church now and listen to the old sermons about personal religion without any uneasy afterthoughts on the social implications of Christianity. Mr. Bennett has lifted a burden from their minds. And they will vote for him in thousands at the next election.

Mr. Bennett's reforms, if they are carried out, will bring Canada up to about the point which England reached under Mr. Lloyd George in the years before the war. They will not touch the root of our troubles, which is the ownership and control of the instruments of production by private profit-seeking interests. That so mild a programme as this could have been received as radical only goes to show how muddled our social thinking still is in Canada. But it also shows what fertile soil this country will provide for a more plausible fascist demagogue than Mr. Bennett, if it ever becomes necessary for our capitalist rulers, in face of a determined attack from the left, to sweep the middle classes off their feet by some well planned pseudo-radical emotionalism.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

#### AN ECONOMIST'S VIEW

VERY little can be said on the financial aspects of Mr. Bennett's proposals until they take a more definite form. But the assumptions upon which his whole programme seems to be based emerge clearly and they deserve attention.

Mr. Bennett assumes that economic conditions are steadily improving and that, with the addition of a central bank, the Ottawa treaties, a series of agricultural marketing boards, and machinery for writing down farm debts, the recovery will now continue even more rapidly. Secondly, he assumes that the time has now come when new laws and expenditures for social welfare, of the kind which have so disorganized business in the United States, can be introduced to create exactly the opposite effect in Canada. More fundamental than either of these assumptions is his third, the view that Canada is suffering from too much competition in some places and too much monopoly in others.

This last and most important assumption is only too true at the present time, but is not necessarily true under other conditions. It is the natural result of a severe deflation from the impact of which cer-

tain groups are protected by first mortgages on the national income in the form of bond interest, while others are sheltered by the tariff and yet others gain by the lenient wage and salary policies of governments, the railways and many large commercial institutions. When the national income falls in response to a world wide deflation, it stands to reason that, if these sheltered groups in the community continue to receive as much as before, the rest of the community is going to have a very poor time on the leavings. Now it is in this 'unsheltered' part of the community that competition is keenest. Spurred by the dread of unemployment, unorganized workers will toil for a few cents an hour. Urged by the threat of bankruptcy, sharply competing business concerns will resort to unethical trade practices and exploitation of labour in order to get what little business is left.

But this division of the economy into two sections, the one monopolistic or privileged, and the other wearing itself to the bone by competition to get what little is left, is not necessarily a permanent condition, as Mr. Bennett supposes it to be. It is what happens when a serious fall in prices has occurred, re-dividing the community's income. Most of the excesses of monopoly and competition can be ended in two ways—either by a restoration of prices to a higher level through credit expansion and foreign exchange policy, or by a writing down of debts along with widespread reductions of taxes (including reductions of the tariff which will in many cases bring down high prices charged by monopolies) and wages and salaries which are out of line with the lower price level. Either of these would go far to restore the balance between exporting and domestic industry, and to reduce unemployment.

As far as the writer can discover, Mr. Bennett does not propose to attack the fundamental problem caused by the fall in prices, but proposes instead merely to swing a club at the monopolists and to impose minimum wage laws and trade restrictions for the benefit of over-zealous competitors. But if he does not increase the aggregate dollar value of income going to these competitors, or alternatively, reduce the high prices and taxes by which governments and monopolists burden them (thus increasing the buying power of their income), then all he can do is to make the scramble for profits and wages a little more gentlemanly. And a reformed scramble for the nation's good things, in which workers must be paid a good wage or nothing, and in which manufacturers must reach a costly standard of purity or be forced to close up their plants, is not a scramble in which everybody comes off with something. It is likely to resemble a bargain sale, where a limited number of lucky customers carry off all the good things and the rest go away empty-handed.

This argument can be put in another way. The first objective of an economic policy should be to eliminate unemployment and increase output. This can only be done by making possible once more the profitable operation of farms and factories. We are not concerned with whether or not it is moral. It is necessary and the result will be beneficial. To this end the redistribution of wealth arising out of

the depression should be corrected at the earliest possible moment. The redistribution or mis-deal caused by the depression has so improved or at any rate protected the position of some at the expense of others that normal trade between those who benefit and those who suffer has become almost impossible, and low output, unemployment and even higher costs of production are the result.

There is nothing new in all this argument. Many people have said or written the same thing many times a year for several years. But Mr. Bennett's policy pays scant attention to it. It is not one of those things to which he has given profound thought.

It is hard to find a sound economic basis for the second of the three assumptions. To call unemployment relief by the name of 'insurance' may increase the self-respect of the recipients, but it cannot reduce their number unless idle savings are appropriated on a large scale by income taxes or loans to increase the total amount of relief granted, which would make possible a larger volume of purchases, demanding in turn a larger number of workers to produce the goods so bought. As for minimum wage laws, if they are effective in raising the wages of more than the lowest paid workers, it is probable that they will increase unemployment instead of reducing it, and result in a good deal of 'speeding up' as well. This is particularly true where labour costs are a large part of the total costs of operation. Any attempt to apply a national minimum wage law will depend for its success upon the recognition that

different minima will have to be set for different parts of the country, as between East and West, town and country.

The rather belated proposals to tax large incomes from property at a higher rate than incomes from labour is meeting with the approval which it deserves. But the implication that the redistributions of wealth arising from the war debt, the tariff, the depression and the service of the guaranteed railway debt can be corrected by public finance alone, through taxing those who have gained and spending for the sake of those who have lost, is in the writer's opinion decidedly naïve. This is partly because the tax collecting system of Canada is weakly organized, partly due to Canada's debtor position on international account, and partly because the collection of the huge additional sums required, even under a much better taxing system, would be likely to disorganize the operation of private enterprise so much that the national income and the government revenues would fall still further while the evils to be corrected would increase.

As regards the first assumption, the last eight months of 1934 saw almost no improvement in Canada's economic position, although a level well above 1933 was maintained and although a degree of revival seems to have occurred in connection with Christmas trade. In Canada's principal foreign markets the improvement has likewise slackened. This is ominous.

D. C. MACGREGOR



*'The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.'*

# The Civil Service of Canada

By W. L. GRANT

**T**HIS year there will be a general election in Canada. At its conclusion the Conservatives, or the Liberals, or the C.C.F., or a combination of two of them, will form a government and will administer the country. The speeches of Mr. Bennett, Mr. King and Mr. Woodsworth have already given us fair warning that new and complicated measures will be passed. This will throw new burdens upon the Civil Service of the Dominion. Is it able to take the strain, or is a former Provincial Treasurer of Quebec, the Hon. W. G. Mitchell, right when he says: 'Governments should learn to run their own business properly before trying to run other people's private affairs.' (Toronto Star, Jan. 7th, 1935.)

In the third of his half-hour talks, given on Jan. 7th, 1935, the Prime Minister of Canada outlined for the Federal Civil Service a bold and far-reaching reorganization, which showed him to be well aware of the importance of the problem. Let us hope that Mr. King and Mr. Woodsworth will give us the same assurance, for the programmes already outlined by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Woodsworth are so drastic that they involve considerable modification of the B.N.A. Act, and the taking over of powers both from the provinces and from Big Business, and even the more moderate Mr. King is committed at least to Unemployment Insurance; and it is no exaggeration to say that upon administration, and especially upon the Civil Service will depend either success or failure involving losses of astronomical proportions. Eloquent exposition of the merits and defects of Capitalism and of Socialism we must have, for a coherent body of legislation must rest upon a theory; but generalities are not enough. Wise legislation we must have; but that is very far from being enough. The federal legislature of the United States and the various state legislatures have in the last five years passed such a mass of legislation that one sometimes feels that it would be well if they prorogued for five years, after giving full power to their executives to rearrange their legislation, codify it, and then devise ways and means for carrying it out. In spite of the heroic efforts of Civil Service Reformers from Theodore Roosevelt down, the blunt fact may be bluntly stated that Great Britain has a Civil Service which has stood the strain of the administration of the vast mass of social legislation which has been passed since 1906, and that the legislative programme of Franklin Roosevelt and the Democratic party is today in danger of being brought to naught by the lack of just such a skilled and impartial body.

The late Graham Wallas said: 'The real Second Chamber, the real constitutional check in England is provided, not by the House of Lords or by the Monarchy, but by the existence of a permanent Civil Service, appointed on a system independent of the

opinion or desires of any politician, and holding office during good behaviour. . . . The English civil servants in their present position have the right and duty of making their voice heard, without the necessity of making their will, by fair means or foul, prevail. The creation of this service was the one great political invention in nineteenth-century England.' (*Human Nature in Politics*, ed. 1908, p. 249).

\* \* \*

**W**HAT is the organization of the British service? It has two main branches, the administrative and the technical. Of its administrative service the unique feature is that there is at the top an 'A' Class, chosen by an examination of such strictness that only able and well-trained university graduates have much chance of passing it. The successful candidates, from the time they enter the service, are given a financial competence and an enviable social position. This 'A' Class is not a closed body. A man in the lower ranks, who shows sufficient ability, may be promoted into it; or from time to time a man may be brought in from outside.\*

Such an 'A' Class is not necessarily in itself either inventive or fertile in ideas. Indeed, under the British or Canadian system of government, inventiveness and fertility are not its main functions. 'The business of a civil servant,' said a great British administrator, 'is to do what he is told.' Therefore, it must from time to time be furnished with ideas from outside, or it will become unduly conservative, and devote itself to the sterile perfecting of the existing system. An instance of this may be seen in the Education Department of Ontario. We had originally a good system of education, which gradually became more and more unsuited to the changing character of our province. The best men in the department saw this, but were powerless to prevent it, because no articulate demand for change came from the public. They therefore, being loyal civil servants, devoted themselves to running the existing system as efficiently as possible. Eventually the public became to some extent aroused, and a cheer went up when in 1934 Professor McArthur was appointed Deputy Minister of Education. I have the highest admiration for Professor McArthur, but I wish that Mr. Hepburn had been moved to his appointment by a much more articulate body of public opinion, and that the Deputy Minister were not so entirely responsible both for the ideas and for their administration.

\*The criticism may be made that an 'A' Class is snobbish, and 'contrary to the genius of democracy'. That in the British service an occasional good man may be kept out because of his accent is highly probable; but if the genius of democracy is contrary to intellectual distinction, then 'To H— with Democracy!'



THE main function of a good civil service is not to originate ideas, but to put into shape the ideas of the Minister in charge; to translate his perhaps woolly good-will into an intelligible statute or a series of statutes; to show him their probable effects; and thus to ensure that the result of his changes is as beneficial to the community as possible, and as little harmful. A writer in THE CANADIAN FORUM for January, 1935, is in my opinion unfair and misleading when he says: 'that it will act as a more effective second chamber than the House of Lords, and block any radical innovations introduced by a Socialist government.' ('The Invisible Government', p. 142). This is a superficial misunderstanding of my quotation from Graham Wallas. It is the glory of the higher British Civil Service that it gives loyal service to whichever party is in power. Even if occasionally it gives way to the conservatism of office, it is easily put in its place. When in 1905-6 Mr. Lloyd George was made President of the Board of Trade, a rising young civil servant was made his private secretary. In a hapless moment he ventured to discuss with the Minister the advisability of one of his measures. Mr. Lloyd George looked at him. 'Young man,' he said, 'It is your function and that of the department to take its ideas from me. The next time you speak to me like that, you go back to your departmental desk on the morrow.' The hint was taken. Not so easily can the House of Lords be put in its place.

Yet without such a higher civil service the losses incurred by mere parliamentary sympathy with the under dog may easily run into millions. With such a higher service the good-will of the Minister is translated into a workable bill, passed by the Minister through the House with the aid of his skilled assistants, who then take the bill from him, work it, from time to time suggest amendments, and gain for him the reputation not of a woolly-minded sentimentalist, but of a skilled though audacious administrator.

From this it follows that mere promotion by merit is not enough. Even though there is a far fresher breeze blowing through most of the British departments than the writer in the FORUM suspects, there is always a tendency for 'the Civil Service mind' to feel that the great thing is to work the existing system with care and knowledge and integrity and terrifying skill. To promotion by merit must be added the occasional job. I well remember how the same Mr. Lloyd George in 1907 took the present Lord Askwith, then a rising young barrister, and made him at a bound assistant secretary to the Board of Trade, with special attention to railways. His achievements and honours since then may be read in *Who's Who*.

\* \* \*

THE trouble in Canada is that we do not merely import the occasional pinch of salt, but that almost always, when we need a good man, we are compelled to bring him in from outside. It can hardly be a coincidence that of the five civil servants singled out for praise by the writer in THE CANADIAN

FORUM not one came into the service till he had made his name outside it. Not one of them went through the ranks. Even such long-established and wholly admirable civil servants as Mr. Coats and Dr. Doughty entered the service with reputations at least partially made. Similarly the present Committee on Price Spreads has imported literally dozens of outside economists, at great expense to the country. Why could none of them be found in the service, except the inexhaustible Mr. Lester Pearson, who was also an importation? Happy the country which can find such men and make them civil servants! Happier still the country which can allure them into its service earlier! Such constant importations destroy morale. Yet we cannot do otherwise as long as the service is not looked on as a career, but as the refuge of those too weak to stand the hurly-burly of rugged individualism. We shall never have a service with *esprit de corps*, a service entrance into which is the ideal of some of the ablest youth of the country while still at school, unless we have an 'upper' class, as they have in Great Britain, to which entrance is found by passing the stiffest of stiff examinations, or occasionally—but only occasionally—by that careful selection which may be called favouritism, but which is an essential part of efficiency. This examination in Great Britain is not only stiff; it is broad and untechnical. It strives to find in the candidate not expert knowledge but mental quality and distinction.

\* \* \*

SUCH men, once in the service, must have a living wage. And by a living wage I mean a salary which enables a man to join a club, to be free from small financial worries, and in other ways to live like a gentleman. He must have the assured social position given by security of tenure, and the certainty that after a definite number of years he may retire on a competence. Such salaries are given by our great corporations, and in the government service to such men as the chairman of the C.N.R. Why should they not also be given to the deputy ministers?

Such men do not necessarily work longer hours than do the lower ranks of the service; but when a crisis comes they give to the Minister a mature and disciplined judgment; when the tangled skein of a Minister's good intentions must be unravelled, they unravel it, and spin the clotted mass into a fair and goodly cloth, at a saving of millions to the nation.

\* \* \*

EDITOR'S NOTE: At the hour of going to press we learn with deep regret of the passing of Dr. Grant, principal of Upper Canada College. We wish to add a few inadequate words to the Dominion-wide expression of sorrow for the loss of one held in great esteem and affection, not alone for his noble part in the advancement of education in this country, but as assuredly for an extensive contribution to and broadening influence upon widely varied phases of Canadian life.

# The Ayrshire Muse

By TAM RABSON

*(Robert Burns, in life an ardent and convivial  
Mason, returns to address the Burns' Night banquet  
of a Canadian lodge, in January, 1935.)*

Maist worshipful an' festal sir,  
What gars ye make sic' awfu' stir  
To fetch me frae my sepulchre

Each January?

Why seek my banes tae disinter?  
Brithers, how dare ye?

Yet since indeed we're unco dry  
Amang the grave-stour where we lie,  
A thirsty rhymester such as I

Wad still be frisky

An' gladly climb the cauld, toom sky  
If promised whiskey!

Aiblins ye've naethin' half sae hot  
To please a drouthie brither Scot;  
There's watery joy in mony a pot

These sair, douce days;

But I'll no glunch at what ye've got,  
Nor stint my praise.

An' first I wad be orra civil  
Tae a' my feres o' square an' level;  
I ken nane such tae drink an' revel,

Their dool tae dodge,

Though I hae visited the Devil  
In Hell's Grand Lodge.

The Master there is e'en Auld Clootie,  
Wi' horns an' tail an' hurdies sootie;  
The Senior Warden's no a beauty

Tae girn an' ogle,

But just a naked owre-graun cootie,  
A big black bogle.

Fecks, ye should see the deacons toddle  
About yon lodge o' brimstane model!  
It's little they're inclined tae coddle

A candidate;

But whang a' brithers on the noddle  
That gang that gate.

Enough o' hell. Let's seek a change  
In regions just as fierce an' strange,  
Amang yer chiels wha maun arrange

The next election;

Nae lousy collie wi' the mangle  
Has mair dejection.

Auld Cloots o' Calgary ye ken  
Is farst amang the sons o' men  
For bleezin hot wi' tongue an' pen

An' blastin-powder,

An' when elections come again  
He whoops still louder.

Wi' tones that deave an' words that stun,  
He broadcasts like Euroclydon,

An' vows that he's the only one  
Can save the nation,  
Wi' braw New Plans frae Washington  
That beat Creation.

Lean Comrade Jim frae Winnipeg,  
That Woodsworth carl sae gash an' gleg,  
Maun wag his beard an' slap his leg

In snirtlin shock

Tae see a new-laid Marxian egg  
Frae such a cock.

But wae is me for Wullie King,  
Wha's too weel fed to wark or sing;  
The Fat Lad winna do a thing

But sit on 's bum

And trust that wi' anither spring  
His turn will come.

Much ither news ye've had tae con, too,  
Five bairns at ance were a' born pronto,  
An' Hepburn an' his pals hae gone to

The South Seas blue

To shun the Tories o' Toronto,  
An' Tim Buck too.

Take yon Dionne. A ferlie is he,  
Wha one lang nicht was unco busy  
To get five weans on one fat hizzie,

His lawfu' wife;

I' fecks, they make the gudeman dizzy  
Wi' yowlin strife.

Puir Mitch was sair fatigued, o' course,  
For guillotin jobs by force  
Is waur nor feedin hog an' horse

Down on the farm;

An' tae prevent undue remorse  
He's keepin' warm.

But golfin larks on Southern greens  
Are far frae Tim Buck's ways an' means;  
He's glad tae be wi' wife an' weans,

An' hopes wi' reason

He'll sit nae mair in prison jeans  
Through shootin season.

An' now, gude sir, my thanks I'm speakin  
Tae wardens baith an' either deacon,  
May a' their noses like a beacon

Forever shine

Tae testify they never weaken  
When offered wine.

Come, chaplain, scribe, and stewards braw,  
An' peepin Tyler but the ha',  
An' Inner Guard, an' brithers a',

Gie owre yer nappy—

Let's pledge the Craft in usquebaugh,  
An' gang hame happy!

My rantin rhymes hae a' been said.  
An' sae, gude nicht! But I've nae dread  
Afore I seek my dusty bed

As dark as ink

Ye'll aiblins gie the thirsty dead  
Anither drink!

## Notes and ~ ~ Comment

SO many individuals and groups have claimed the authorship of Mr. Bennett's new proposals that at least one definite conclusion can be reached concerning them—namely that they originated from Mr. Bennett himself, or at least from within his family. And the Prime Minister himself has gone out of his way to discover a biography of Lord Shaftesbury in order to disprove the rumour that he was converted by reading *Industry and Humanity*. He has been criticized for changing his mind but, comparing his proposals with the Conservative policy of the last four years, no complaint should be made on that score. Accusations of insincerity have been hurled at him, but his plans have apparently carried enough conviction to make Mr. Ward Pitfield, who was revealed as an important collector of Conservative funds during the Stevens' Investigation of the Imperial Tobacco Company, jump the Montreal Conservative association in fright. The new Bennett programme has been belittled because it does no more than measure up to legislation now in force in Great Britain and other European countries. That is true enough, but surely it is better to reach those standards than to remain forever in the jungle. It is not a revolutionary policy, but it is the most important statement to come from the lips of a Conservative Prime Minister since the announcement of the National Policy of protection, which is about due for replacement.

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NO one could say that Mr. Bennett's proposals are anything but autocratic. His radio speeches came as a bolt from the blue to the majority of his followers, and the cabinet and the caucus were in blissful ignorance of the reforms which were to be introduced so precipitately. In the ensuing upset it is as amusing to hear the leader of the Conservative party branding his Liberal opponents as insidious reactionaries as it is to listen to Mr. Woodsworth chiding the Prime Minister for promising measures of reform for which he cannot pay. Mr. Bennett's treatment of Tim Buck, who must now be regarded as a dangerous counter-revolutionary, indicates that there will be no substantial softening of the 'iron heel', and that, as suggested in one of the radio addresses, the Bennett revolution will brook no opposition. His reform is not a democratic reform, save possibly in this negative sense. If he is intent upon turning his back on all the former allies of official Conservatism, then his proposals will possess more essential democracy than the retaining of the outward democratic forms as a smoke-screen for the heavily concentrated influences of industry and finance. The Prime Minister has taken one important step in defining employment rather than profits as the criterion of an economic system, and if he follows out the implications of this statement, which will take him quite a long way, he deserves a cheer.

IF Mr. Bennett is intent upon eliminating unemployment to the extent to which that is possible in a country considerably dependent upon external trade, he will have to extend his proposed policies. Unemployment and sickness insurance, old age pensions, minimum wages and maximum hours will give a necessary fillip to social legislation, while the promised reform of the civil service is a vital measure for the success of any scheme of control. But under the profit system, Mr. Bennett will encounter the contrary demands of recovery and reform, and the plan is open to the grave danger of restriction. Social legislation will tend to increase the costs of competitive industry and may deter production unless expansionist measures are put through to offset this. Mr. Bennett has foreshadowed an easy money policy, a redistribution of wealth, and now a construction programme. But his exaggerated 'emergency' tariffs remain and, as Mr. MacGregor points out on another page, his proposals do not go to the root of the present inequalities between the sheltered groups and those who have been exposed to the full blast of the depression. Much, too, will depend upon the functioning of the National Economic Council and the power it is given to cut down competitive costs through collective agreements, to bring about a better redistribution of earnings and increase the consumer's purchasing power. The extent to which it may achieve this will in turn depend, as many other questions will, upon Mr. Bennett's frame of mind at the crucial moment.

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INDEED, the most useful piece of machinery proposed by Mr. Bennett is this National Economic Council. Such a body has been proposed often in the past by various individuals and, if industry is to remain in private hands, it represents virtually the only method of introducing any reasonable order into the economic system. As such it will deserve an able personnel and adequate influence and publicity for its findings. Despite the ambitious talk about international trade as a path out of the depression, the possibilities in that direction have their limits and there is everything to be said for a thorough investigation of the potentialities of the home market. The Council could be assigned no better initial task than an investigation of the actual and potential consumption standards in this country, similar to that which has been carried out in the United States under the auspices of the Brookings Institute. Such a survey would set up an effective measuring rod by which industry could be judged, while the organization would afford an opportunity for individual industries to act in the collective way that alone can enable them to solve the problem of distribution.

\* \* \*

MR. BENNETT has saved the Conservative party from the virtual obliteration with which it was faced some time ago—although against the will of some of its members—and has set a faster pace for the old parties to follow. He has forced his policy upon the Liberals, although that may not redound to his own benefit, as Mr.



King's invitation to him to proceed with Opposition blessings was a piece of strategy which took some of the wind out of the Conservative sails. The Liberal leader's lengthy reply to the Speech from the Throne was vigorous, but did not add any new planks to the party platform. Mr. King is right in attacking the autocratic tendencies in Mr. Bennett's platform and in advocating a publicly owned central bank and a democratic industrial system. But much effort will be necessary to make the round tables conducive to the latter end, especially if labour is left without confirmed rights of collective bargaining. The whole scheme is apt to fizzle out into a Hooverism with the worker and the consumer left with only the crumbs that fall unless the government decides to play a most aggressive part. And that would be difficult for a government blessed with a load of Quebec votes and heavy campaign funds.

\* \* \*

THE issues between the Conservatives and the Liberals will be between different forms of capitalism, one more authoritarian, the other more democratic; the larger issue between capitalism and socialism remains between these two organizations and the C.C.F. If, as seems probable, one of the two older parties hold the preponderance of power after the next election, with a reasonably strong C.C.F. group in the House, the implications of the situation will be that private industry will be 'on the spot' and forced to prove itself. There has been a degree of recovery, but there is still a long way to go, and it will take more positive efforts than a reliance upon 'natural forces'. Both the Liberals and the Conservatives are willing to give industry assistance. They might, incidentally, answer the insistent demands for a balanced budget by adopting Mr. Roosevelt's expedient of dividing the ordinary from the extraordinary expenditures, as described in this month's 'Washington Letter', in order to make the issue clearer. If industry would consider its own long run advantages instead of its immediate profits and organize to distribute its returns, the vast wants of the home market could be filled and a decent recovery assured. It would be easier in Canada than in the more complex industrial countries. Is this unjustified optimism? If it is, the C.C.F. will have an answer at the subsequent election.

\* \* \*

IT may well be, however, that Mr. Bennett will throw these calculations askew by proposing to form a national government for the purpose of amalgamating the railways in response to the demands of the C.P.R. and other business interests. He has made vague, if lengthy, references to the railway situation and he has castigated the partisans. He has also paid little attention to his own party, which may be a sign that he will eventually invite all to enlist under the Bennett banner and fight for amalgamation. The formation of a national party under these terms would be a great thing for the country—as long as it were not successful at the polls. It would separate the sheep from the goats

and might well bring into power a government of a more progressive colouring than would otherwise be the case.

\* \* \*

THE Report of the Quebec Electricity Commission, which has conducted its hearings under the chairmanship of the Hon. Ernest Lapointe, has been 'tabled'. Appointed last summer by Mr. Taschereau in response to a wide public demand for an investigation into the possibility of curbing the 'power barons', the Commission has recommended strict measure of public control. Public ownership is rejected, the power industry—ironically enough—having entrenched itself by virtue of its enormous over-capitalization, nor is the proposal of Mr. T. D. Bouchard for a public development of power, to be used as a 'yardstick', accepted. The report is thus milder than it might well have been, but even at that the results will provide an interesting tilt between the respective powers of Messrs. Lapointe and Taschereau. The former has been known as an advocate of public ownership and when Mr. Taschereau appointed the Commission, he must have had plans to cope with the report which was to be expected. There is on the other hand a growing revolt against the deeply entrenched power interests in that province which is becoming more articulate politically, and its attempts to unseat the 'old guard' will bear interesting fruits not only in Quebec but also in Federal politics.

\* \* \*

GENERAL SMUTS' recent suggestions upon the question of international policy cannot fail to be of interest to Canadians, containing as they do some extremely pregnant remarks upon the international situation and the relations of the members of the Commonwealth to Great Britain and the peace system. The ultimate sanctions of force now existing present all the Dominions with the alternatives of honouring them in case of necessity in the interests of preserving an artificial French hegemony in Europe, or of denying them with the implicit or explicit abandonment of League membership. General Smuts looks for a solution in eradicating the more flagrant injustices of the Treaty by granting equality to Germany, and would secure the European peace by the principle of sanctions limited in application to that zone. The universal aspects of the League, on the other hand, would be essentially consultative; under no other conditions would it be possible to persuade the United States to participate. He stresses the importance of the latter consideration and significantly states that 'there is a community of outlook and perhaps of ultimate destiny between the Dominions and the United States'. This is the first statement that has been made by a Dominion statesman to the effect that Europe can reasonably be expected to keep its own peace and that the Dominions, while they should yield parts of their national sovereignty in certain respects, can continue to subscribe to a peace system without accepting the sanctions calling for military activities in Europe. As such it is an important landmark.

## Glimmer of Peace

London Letter

THE year has closed in Europe with a few gleams of comfort discernible after all amid the encircling gloom. Christmas thoughts of peace and good will and New Year aspirations are not in quite such glaringly ironic contrast with the facts as in recent years. For the League of Nations has had two real and important successes: the settlement of the dispute between Hungary and Jugo-Slavia and the organization of a genuinely international force to ensure the peaceful execution of the Saar Plebiscite.

Both these achievements are concrete and impressive manifestations of international action in the interests of peace, supporters of the League in this country have been greatly heartened by them, and Lord Beaverbrook's far-fetched efforts to distort them into new arguments for nationalistic isolationism have fallen very flat. His attacks on the League of Nations Union 'Peace Ballot' have significantly dwindled to a whimper.

The fact of the matter is, of course, that the League always had the power to settle disputes between the smaller European nations, but not between the more powerful nations outside Europe. It happened that the Sino-Japanese dispute came first. The League failed, and superficial observers assumed that it was no good at all. Now the Hungary-Jugo-Slavia dispute has followed; and the League has succeeded. Both results might, of course, have been predicted by anyone who cared to examine the facts dispassionately; but, human nature being fallible, the League suffered a great loss of prestige during the Manchurian episode and has enjoyed a great access of prestige this month.

This access of prestige is nevertheless well deserved. For the Hungary - Jugo - Slavia dispute, though immediately only a quarrel between small nations, was ominously similar to the spark that lighted the flame in the summer of 1914. Even this year, Italy sided with Jugo-Slavia, and France and Czechoslovakia with Hungary. It was widely believed, for one thing, that Italy was nurturing more than one school for political assassins similar to that which was admitted to exist in Hungary. If the League had not provided a convenient shrine for the bloodless propitiation of the fetish of 'national honour', there would have been war. No one doubts it. A million or more peasants and workers would have been killed or wounded to gratify the *amour propre* (alias 'national honour') of perhaps a score of Balkan chauvinists, generals and politicians!

The League has saved us from this inhuman folly. But it has not, of course, removed the fundamental clash in Europe between Germany and France, between the Treaty Revisionists and the anti-Revisionists, or in the Far East between Japan and her enemies. Japan's denunciation of the Naval Treaty is in itself enough to remind us of this. The safety-valve has worked this time, but the volcano will still be with us in 1935.

UNDOUBTEDLY the grain of success which the League has attained has been largely due to Great Britain. Our decision to send troops to the Saar made the international force possible; and it was Mr. Eden, without question, who played the chief part in reconciling the Hungarians and Jugo-Slavs—not to mention the French and Italians—at Geneva. For this the Government has received, and for once justifiably, much credit. The decision to send the Saar troops was a victory for the moderate wing of the Cabinet—the Prime Minister, Lord Sankey, Mr. Runciman and Mr. Eden—over the militarists. It was incidentally an even greater triumph for the peace movement in the country, which has been stubbornly and relentlessly carried on in the face of seemingly hopeless obstacles. Without it, the moderates in the Cabinet could not have prevailed. But, in fact, as soon as the decision was taken, the weakness of the militarists and isolationists in the country was revealed. The opposition to the decision in Parliament and the press was very feeble, and soon petered out; and the Government seemed almost surprised by the popularity it had won. This means that the peace movement in the country, and the moderates in the Cabinet, should be greatly strengthened in the future.

\* \* \*

THE quarrel between the Government and the Australian Cabinet over beef imports has grown more acute. Canada is not, of course, so crucially concerned in this dispute; but it is of great importance nevertheless for the future of the Ottawa Agreements and of imperial economic relations in general. At the time of the Ottawa Conference, the British Government policy was to raise meat prices in the interests of the British farmer by restricting foreign imports only. The Dominions were promised free entry, though they promised in return to prevent voluntarily any great increase in supplies.

Since then it has transpired that, owing to the declining demand for beef in the British market and the large increase in Dominion supplies, prices cannot be raised by a limitation of foreign imports alone. As long ago as last June—when the promise of free entry to the Dominions expired—Mr. Elliott tried to persuade New Zealand and Australia to agree to a voluntary restriction.

They refused, and Mr. Elliott had to resort to an expensive subsidy to gain an extra nine months in which to exert further pressure. During this period, however, Dr. Page's free trade Country Party has joined the Australian Government, and that Government's opposition to restriction has strengthened. Mr. Elliott and his farmer and landlord supporters are now trying to create the impression that there is a 'glut' of beef and that the fall in beef prices is due to a huge increase of imports. This is entirely untrue. Beef imports have been *decreasing steadily* ever since 1930; the fall in prices is wholly due to a falling-off in demand.

Mr. Elliott's policy is to meet this falling-off in demand by restricting supplies still further and raising prices. This is to remove the Plenty and

preserve the Poverty—with a vengeance. The whole beef episode is in fact nothing more than a disgraceful ramp to exploit the British worker-consumer and the Dominion exporter for the enrichment of British landed interests. It is to be hoped that Canada, Australia and New Zealand will resist Mr. Elliot's restrictionist designs with all the means in their power. If the consumer and the Dominion producer are to be sacrificed, it would be much better if Mr. Elliot were to incur the odium of enforcing compulsory restriction. Moreover, it would be very foolish if the Dominions were to give way now in the hope of getting better treatment after the expiry of the Argentine Agreement in 1936. For, as likely as not, there will be an anti-restrictionist Labour Government in power in this country in 1936.

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**T**HE NEW YEAR opens with economic prospects definitely encouraging. The indices now show that the Royal Wedding and the Christmas season carried recovery to a new high level in November and December. Business activity is now slightly above the highest point in 1929, and employment is about on a level. Unemployment, of course, remains 1,000,000 higher, and there can be no very substantial fall without an increase in international and inter-imperial trade. The prospect of this is slender, not only because of the protectionism of the present Government, but of the continued decline of economic activity in the gold standard countries. World recovery can scarcely come until the gold currencies are devalued. Nevertheless, trade in the sterling area is steadily increasing, and the upswing of production and employment that normally occurs in Great Britain in the spring and summer may reasonably be expected this year.

DOUGLAS JAY

## Will Age Be Golden?

*Washington Letter*

**T**HE Congress has returned. Overwhelming Democratic majorities prevail in both Senate and House. That does not mean, however, that the Roosevelt Administration will have everything its own way.

Already, trouble appears upon the Senate horizon. The little band of progressives, which includes both Democrats and Republicans as well as Robert LaFollette, re-elected by his own Progressive party in Wisconsin, are preparing to go to bat in the matter of raising income taxes.

The President has asked, in his budget message, for a lump-sum of four billion dollars with no strings attached. He wants the money to spend as he sees fit under the general heading of 'relief of unemployment'. He is absolutely opposed to increasing taxes, though there are still fertile fields to be cultivated for revenue, as anyone who is con-

versant with the British income tax system knows. The central government of the United States does not begin to crack down on incomes the way they do in Britain.

The progressives, therefore, feel that public works should be financed as generously out of current income as possible and to this end they favour increased taxes instead of letting the budget rise to the 34 billions estimated by the President for June 30th, 1936. They are not frightened by the mere figure of 34 billions, but they take the stand that the money to pay for a great public works programme of work relief is in the pockets of the income-tax-paying class and should be taken for the emergency that confronts us.

This matter of taxes may be one of the most important in the present session. The progressives are not satisfied that the four billions asked by the President is adequate. Senator LaFollette has specified 10 billions as the sum he would like to see appropriated. He is the only one of the progressives to name a definite figure, but it is likely that the rest of the group will follow him. Obviously, Mr. Roosevelt would not ask for 10 billions without a tax increase, therefore he has requested four billions, feeling that recovery will pay the bill.

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**T**HE President places great faith in recovery during the fiscal year beginning next July 1st. In fact his entire budget is predicated upon the assumption that industry will be taking substantial numbers of the unemployed, now on Federal relief, back into mills, mines and factories. If industry does not, then he faces a torpedo that would sink almost anyone else in his place. He is not, however, one to worry about the flood until he feels it at his feet.

He has laid out his budget ingeniously for next year, and not without good reason. We have a clique in this country forever cheering for 'balancing the budget'. They don't have to do it, so it is easy to scream and make an impression.

We have the double budget system under the Roosevelt Administration whereby ordinary departmental expenses are segregated from emergency expenses. As drawn for last year, the regular budget virtually balances. The entire deficit (estimated) for fiscal 1936 is lumped under the heading 'unemployment relief'. The President has implicitly informed the industrialists that the budget will balance when they take the unemployed off relief. He has balanced the books for the regular government activities. He can do no more. The rest is up to business. Hire men from the relief rolls and the emergency budget is decreased in direct proportion.

Certainly his theory is sound, superficially, at least.

The progressives agree with him as far as he goes. But they say he should go farther. More for work relief and much steeper income taxes and estate taxes or death duties, as well. He is not likely to change his mind on taxation in the near future. Hence the threat of trouble on the Senate horizon.



**H**IS social programme is reported to be well under way in the legislative drafting room though no one outside his immediate political family has seen in. However, there has leaked out the fact that the committee he appointed to study a programme of economic security has recommended both old age pensions and unemployment insurance.

The old age pension is said to involve creation of a 12-billion-dollar fund through compulsory contributions of persons between the ages of 21 and 65. The rate of contribution has not, as yet, been set, and will probably be threshed out in Congress. Upon reaching the age of 65, contributors begin drawing their pensions or insurance. For those already 65 and over when the programme is enacted, a system of Federal contribution to state funds is contemplated. This, of course, will lapse as soon as its beneficiaries have died. The permanent programme will then go into effect and be handled entirely by the Federal Government.

The unemployment insurance is reported to be based upon a tax on payrolls starting at one per cent. As the index of industrial production rises the payroll tax will increase, some estimates placing the ultimate tax as high as four per cent.

It has also been recommended to the President by his committee, it is reported, that annuities be sold to all citizens wishing to buy them through the United States Treasury. They would be in multiples of \$10 and would provide the Government with a very large sum for public works, etc., in the nature of loans from the citizens instead of from the bankers, at the same time providing comparatively inexpensive annuities from the citizens' savings.

The Administration is eager to get this programme before the Congress. One reason for haste is the rapidly increasing popularity among the credulous of the so-called Townsend plan of old age pension. This is a fantastic scheme coming out of fantastic California by which every aged person would be provided by the Government with an income of \$200 per month. The terms upon which the money would be granted would be that the recipients (age 65) give up any work they might be doing and devote their time to spending all of the \$200 within the month they receive it. The funds would be raised by sales tax methods and the theory is that such riotous spending would follow on the part of the old folk that the mills and factories, the stores, and presumably the breweries and distilleries, would not be able to keep up with demands, and thus there would descend upon us an age of prosperity where youth would no longer be golden, but age the desire of every man and woman.

Wild as this may seem, the West has gone for it as whole-heartedly as a youth for his first love. The day this is being written, a delegation of something like 100 persons arrived from one western state to bring pressure to bear upon Congress to pass a Townsend old age pension law. That law is due to be introduced into Congress this week. Already the desks of senators and representatives lie under a blanket of letters and telegrams from the aged and

those desirous of growing old under a Townsend plan. They demand action.

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**D**OUBTLESS one of the things that makes some of these people particularly articulate is the recent statement of the Bureau of Internal Revenue showing that the number of persons in the United States with net incomes of \$1,000,000 or more annually, doubled in 1933. We can now boast 46 of these great men, though it must be said that the same statement showed that 81,000 in the \$5,000 and under net income class were dropped during 1933. As a song, popular in this country not many years ago, said: 'The rich get richer and the poor get children'.

The 46 gentlemen noted above are inclined to argue that higher income taxes would take all their initiative away. Do you believe it?

ROBERT W. HORTON

## Bennett of Tarsus

*The Month in Ottawa*

**M**R. BENNETT is extremely clever. His series of radio speeches, which caught the people of Canada unawares, shocked the *Montreal Gazette*, startled the Liberals, and temporarily surprised the C.C.F. into an illicit union. He stole a march on Mr. King and on Parliament. In his reply to the Speech from the Throne, however, Mr. King made up for his long silences. The recital of his long interest and fruitful work in the field of social legislation was his complete vindication.

Mr. Bennett's speeches were not profound. They contained little that has not been shouted at him from all quarters for the past five years. He was always too busy to listen. He made effective use however of the radio technique for the first time in Canadian politics. Nothing sounds so appalling on the radio as a typical stump speech. Mr. Bennett delivered lectures. He did not chat like Roosevelt. He finds it extremely difficult to be human and friendly to strangers. One cannot help but think that he looked on the microphone as a public meeting or a mob. What he lacked in human touch he made up in moral fervour. He had been so recently converted himself that he had all the fervour of an early Christian. He had reached the Straight Street by a road which had many sharp turnings, and the last was the sharpest turning of all. What worries a great many people now is that same doubt which Saul of Tarsus met after he had seen the great light. 'Is not this he that destroyed them which called upon this name in Jerusalem?' One version has it that among the Athenians there were even some who asked like the *Montreal Gazette* 'What is this rag-picker trying to make out?'

Mr. Bennett will have to prove his conversion by bringing down all the legislation he forecast in the Speech from the Throne. There is an uneasy sus-

picion that the legislation has not yet been discussed in any detail by the Cabinet or the Conservative caucus.

It is Mr. Bennett's misfortune that his conversion came so late. It must appear in spite of his protests as just another election bid. A very few months ago in a somewhat thinly veiled reference Mr. Bennett said that there were some Canadians who would not be missed if they crossed the border into the United States. Mr. Stevens had attacked big business and was forced to resign from the Cabinet. And now Mr. Bennett is breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the very same groups.

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THE speech from the Throne marks more definitely than ever the trend in Canada toward the positive State. If Mr. Bennett's legislation is ready and within the competence of the Dominion Parliament we shall make more progress in one session than in all the parliaments since Confederation. Various forms of social insurance, minimum wage laws, improved company laws are all designed to rectify abuses which Mr. Bennett has recently discovered. Mr. King who has worked on them since 1898 has offered his cordial co-operation.

The Prime Minister pointed to his 1934 legislation as evidence of his conviction even at that date that reform was urgently needed. The establishment of the Bank of Canada, the Natural Products Marketing Act, the Farmers' Creditors Arrangement Act were no mean achievements. The Bank of Canada has not yet begun to operate. How useful an instrument it is likely to be no one can say. Nor is it certain how far its usefulness has been imperilled by its curious constitution. Mr. King pointed to the Central Bank as another evidence of Mr. Bennett's queer behaviour. It was the determination of the Conservative members of the Banking Committee which made the Central Bank a monster. Does Mr. Bennett seriously believe in state intervention?

The Natural Products Marketing Act is apparently proving acceptable to the producers if not to some of the newspapers of Western Canada. Eight schemes have been approved by the Marketing Board, four of them in British Columbia covering tree fruit, red shingles, dry salt herring and salmon, and Lower Mainland milk and milk products. In Ontario flue-cured tobacco and dry beans producers and in Ontario and the Maritime provinces potato producers have had their schemes approved. The Board is considering poultry and livestock schemes for the three Prairie provinces. A poll of the poultry producers is now being taken to find whether a representative majority favours the proposal. The Board has also before it schemes for Jam, Jellies and Marmalade in the Dominion, British Columbia vegetables, and Ontario export cattle. The Liberals will apparently have to accept the Marketing Act as a *fait accompli*. They can at least show one good man and true, Mr. Motherwell.

The Farmer's Creditors Arrangement Act under its able and politic administrator, Mr. M. A. Macpherson, is just beginning to prove itself. Some

16,000 farmers have been interviewed by official receivers, 2,000 or more applications for adjustment have been made. 700 or 800 final settlements have been reached. Unfortunately like Mr. Bennett's reform programme it is late. Improving business, even if it has not yet affected agriculture, will make settlements vastly more difficult to achieve. Everything will depend upon the Boards of Review which have just begun their work. Mr. Bennett who still harbours a healthy contempt for economists called them in too late.

For the future of good government in Canada Civil Service reform is a vital measure. Mr. Bennett is reported to be studying assiduously all the available literature on the subject. As Mr. Bennett's Plan was itself the result of a rather hasty perusal by Mr. Herridge and Mr. Finlayson of the available literature on planning one may expect something to come of Mr. Bennett's own study. There is an urgent need of introducing into the service a larger number of better trained and more versatile brains. Much has already been done especially in the Departments of Finance, External Affairs, Commerce, including the Research Council and the Bureau of Statistics, and the Department of Agriculture on the technical and economic sides. But the functions of government are growing so rapidly that the few competent members of the various departments are overwhelmed with work.

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ONE of Mr. Bennett's greatest disadvantages is the strong defensive armour he has built around himself, and another his intolerance. He has been the champion of individual initiative and has permitted little freedom to his colleagues. He has spoken with fervour of our inherited liberties and has curbed freedom of speech and assembly. Almost at the moment that he declared over the radio his determination to maintain liberty his own personal intervention prevented Tim Buck from addressing a meeting in the Little Theatre in Ottawa. The Directors of the Drama League were obliged to cancel the contract when Mr. Bennett shouted his threats over the telephone. The net result was that the Prime Minister advertised Tim Buck's open air meeting. 'Opposition from any class which imperils the future of this great undertaking we will not tolerate.' Those are Mr. Bennett's words, not Tim Buck's.

J. R. McLEAN.



# The Professions and Parliament

By ROBERT F. LEGGET

**H**UMOUR that is bred of paradox is a saving grace of many features of Canadian public life. It is not always easy fully to appreciate the humour, for the significance of the paradox is often of serious moment. Such was the case for example, when the Welland Ship Canal, one of the foremost engineering achievements of the world, was officially opened some appreciable time after it had come into regular use. Speech-making was well to the fore, and of the speeches delivered that of the Minister for Railways and Canals took pride of place. No criticism of this speech is suggested, the feature to which attention is invited being that this eulogy of the skill of the engineers responsible for the design and construction of this notable project, this exposition of the main features and the purpose of the Canal, although made by the Minister for Railways and Canals, was yet delivered by a member of the medical profession.

This is but one of the many incidents which perplex the innocent student of contemporary government; indeed, it may truthfully be said that a careful study of the qualifications of certain cabinet ministers of the present and of the immediate past leads only to mental confusion. Close contact with the workings of the department one would naturally assume to be an essential part of the duties of any Minister. Apparently the main function of such departmental government leaders is otherwise. As far as one can judge from present day practice, this is to act as spokesman for their departments in Parliament and to guide the respective annual estimates through the uncharted shoals of democratic criticism.

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**C**ONSIDERATION of this matter naturally leads one to an examination of the personnel of Parliament. The figures so obtained are interesting but also disconcerting, and they lead directly to other and much broader questions. Taking the most recent particulars available, the Federal House of Commons is composed of:—

Lawyers (Advocates and Notaries).....	81
Manufacturers and Merchants.....	32
Farmers.....	32
Directors, Retired and Unclassified.....	26
Physicians and Surgeons.....	25
Journalists and Publishers.....	9
Lumbermen.....	9
Teachers.....	6
Locomotive Drivers, Mechanics.....	5
Dentists.....	4
Chemists and Druggists.....	4
Ranchers (2), Realtors (2), County Clerk (1), Miner (1), Army (1), Land Surveyor (1).....	8
Civil Engineer and Fruit Grower.....	1

Vacancies make up the total number of members.

The Senate of the Dominion of Canada is made up of the following:—

Lawyers (Advocates and Notaries).....	29
Manufacturers and Merchants.....	12
Journalists and Publishers.....	9
Physicians and Surgeons.....	7
Retired Business Men and Unclassified.....	7
Financial Agents.....	4
Directors.....	4
Ranchers, etc.....	4
Farmers.....	3
Army ex-officers, etc.....	3
Professor (1), Lumbermen (1), Telegrapher (1), Contractor (1), Veterinary Surgeon (1), Trainman (1), Lady Senator (1).....	7
Civil Engineer.....	1

Taking the Province of Quebec as typical of provincial governments, it will be found that the Legislative Assembly consists of:—

Lawyers (Advocates and Notaries).....	28
Manufacturers and Merchants.....	17
Farmers.....	12
Insurance Brokers, Agents, etc.....	10
Physicians and Surgeons.....	5
Gentlemen.....	4
Contractors (2), Journalists (2).....	4
Conductor (1), Lumberman (1), Dentist (1), Traffic Officer (1), Harbour Commissioner (1), Stevedore (1), Architect (1).....	7

The provincial Legislative Council has for its members the following:—

Lawyers (Advocates and Notaries).....	7
Manufacturers and Merchants.....	5
Physicians and Surgeons.....	3
Journalists.....	2
Gentlemen.....	2
Farmers.....	2
Lumbermen (1), Dentist (1), Accountant (1).....	3

The figures generally repay careful study. The almost complete absence of members of the engineering profession, and of accountants, from all lists is perhaps the most surprising feature apart from the fact that, in each case, the proportion of legal members is about one-third of the total. It may further be noted that seven of the Federal prime ministers since Confederation have been lawyers, a lawyer having held this position for over fifty of the sixty-seven years since that date. With only two exceptions, the leaders of the Opposition have been lawyers. Ten members of the present Federal Cabinet are lawyers.

If this analysis be carried to its logical conclusion, the personnel of the Federal Houses may fittingly be compared with the electors they represent. There are about 6,500 lawyers in Canada, or one to about 1,600 people. The legal profession thus has, roughly, *five hundred and fifty times* the 'average' representation in Parliament, or two hundred and sixty times the average based only on those eligible for a Federal vote. By comparison, there are at work in the Dominion at least 13,000 men who have been trained as engineers and who are in some way connected directly with engineering work (at least half this number being engaged in professional work), this being just about double the number of



lawyers. Yet representation of the latter is over eighty times that of engineers. This might suggest to a very innocent inquirer that lawyers are eighty times as capable of managing the country as are engineers.

These are disquieting figures. It is not, of course, suggested that the composition of Parliament should be an exact 'cross-section' of the composition of the population of Canada; children and automobile salesmen would then assume commanding positions. Nor is it suggested that consideration of the question can be limited to a discussion of the two professions mentioned; the one is mentioned of necessity, the other as the leading example of professions at present almost unrepresented in public life. It is suggested, however, that there is an entire lack of balance between the participation in public affairs of a profession which is by its nature, and as is admitted by its candid members, parasitical, and of professions and other walks of life which are, on the contrary, definitely and usefully constructive. The figures quoted give some clue to the inevitably strange selections of cabinet ministers, and of necessity they raise other questions regarding the function of Parliament and of present day governments.

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**A**LTHOUGH Parliament still operates by means of legislation, the time has surely passed since it was *a priori* a legislative body, concerned primarily with the property of the people and their defence. The strongest supporter of a *laissez-faire* attitude would be bound to admit that today Parliament is much more a general committee of management for the country's internal and external affairs than any type of academic legal board. To list even the main managerial functions of the Government would be as tedious as it is uncalled for in these pages, the very existence of such departments as those of Railways and Canals, and Public Works being a telling reminder. Does not this suggest that Parliament, and so the Government of the day, in addition to being truly representative of the people, should contain an adequate number of professional men and others from callings associated with scientific management and planning?

This positive suggestion is deliberately stated in preference to any negative suggestion as to the personnel of existing Governments. (It may, however, be noted that Mr. Henri Bourassa is reported to have pointed out in his inimitable manner that at least two of our present premiers have been trained and have practiced as corporation lawyers, adding to this the observation that the minds of corporation lawyers are not fitted for executive management, nor can they be expected to be in touch with the needs of the people.) The suggestion can usefully be extended to include the Upper House, which cannot be omitted from any such discussion as this, assuming that its existence is to continue for some little time longer. Would it not be a salutary thing if the Senate were converted from its present resemblance to a haven for elderly lawyers into a virile consultative board, indirectly of an elected character by being composed of such men as the

presidents of the leading professional bodies in the Dominion, the elected leaders of churches, the outstanding men in labour circles, with some heads of business boards?

It will doubtless readily be admitted that in a properly constituted House, all the professions will be represented if only because of their special training and work which makes them eminently fitted for managerial work, general scientific investigation and constructive application of the results of such investigation. In industry, an engineering training, for example, is gradually coming to be more and more appreciated and even demanded as one qualification for younger executives, and when, in addition, it is considered that about 75 per cent. of graduates from engineering colleges and faculties now take up positions in general industry (as distinct from professional engineering), it can be seen that the suggestion offered represents in no way an innovation but rather a logical extension of a growing general practice.

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**I**F the argument suggested meet with approval, the question will naturally be asked—Why have engineers been so backward in public life up to the present? This in turn raises another question—How can they be interested in active participation in public affairs? Several reasons may be advanced in answer to the former query, equally valid if indeterminate in relative importance. It has been said, wittily but only too truly, that 'the language of the engineer is a blue-print and a grunt'. While this general incoherence is in part explicable, it is at the same time an unfortunate deterrent to the activities of engineers in public life. Again, engineering as a profession in Canada is in an indeterminate state, there being as yet no recognized co-ordination between the several provincial professional associations (all well founded as legal bodies with the exception of that in Ontario) nor between these bodies and the Engineering Institute of Canada, the Dominion-wide voluntary organization. This position is another unhappy legacy of the B.N.A. Act, intensified perhaps by the development of provincial organizations out of the Dominion-wide body instead of *vice versa* as in the case of other professions.

This last factor certainly reacts on the outlook of the individual engineer, and it must inevitably affect the participation of engineers in public life. In a country in which an introduction as an engineer immediately results in one's being assumed to be a locomotive driver, this unfortunate position of one of the oldest of the professions is not surprising. And even this indiscriminate use of the name—engineer—is another partial answer to the first question cited, and certainly its continued use by enginemen, mechanics and locomotive drivers, will militate against the general public appreciating what an engineer really is and does.

Finally, in Canada, even professional engineers have almost completely ceased to possess independence in their work; they can generally be classed as either civil servants or the employees of large

corporations. The former are at present prevented by their calling from political activity; the latter are restrained by the interests of their employers. This aspect of the problem is perhaps the most perplexing of all since the inevitable extension of state control over leading public services will automatically result in a further limitation of the political independence not only of engineers but also of many other professional men, assuming that present ideas on such independence continue to prevail. The recent edict of the Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission with regard to the participation of their employees in Federal, provincial and municipal politics is a good example which has also the merit of being topical. It is also of interest to note that in an official statement (September 17th, 1934) of the secretary of the Amalgamated Civil Servants of Canada, the last of eight points in a programme to be urged on governments is 'That civil servants be accorded political rights'. The possibility of revising existing concepts on this matter does not appear to have been discussed by those interested in future social reconstruction, and yet it can clearly be seen to be of paramount importance if our legislative bodies are not eventually to be composed solely of lawyers and men connected with such luxury industries as the State allows to operate independently.

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THE foregoing notes touch but one phase of a matter of fundamental importance which must soon be faced if the future progress of this land is to be definitely assured. A question again provides a convenient means of expression, necessary brevity making the issue perhaps a little sharper than is actually the case. How long, it may well be asked, shall we have to wait before the man in the street knows that the political affairs of his country are being at least adequately administered by the best men from all the main walks of life in the Dominion and not by a preponderance of legal experts who, with some others, still form a class apart, a class to which the designation of politician is no real distinction? In the working out of the answer to that question the professions, and one profession especially, must play their part.

## What Price Oratory?

By J. H. GRAY

THE main arguments again democracy—that it is outrageously extravagant with both time and money, that its band wagon is forever aswamp with quacks, charlatans and intellectual garbage collectors of every tint and hue—grow threadbare with constant repetition, but remain, withal, invulnerable to the counter-assaults of the idea's apolo-

gists. It is not the purpose of this article to add unduly to the already unseemly bulk of the literature on the subject. Rather it is an attempt to clear the air of much of the verbiage befogging the issue by setting forth the idea that these, and a myriad other, admitted faults are not, in reality, faults at all but the inevitable result of one devastating cause—*nobody listens*.

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IN theory, the democratic idea as it is taught in our public schools, is fundamentally sound. With the waking hours of the populace being monopolized by such work-a-day antics as eating, day dreaming, earning a living, going to movies, churches and service club luncheons, watching parades, falling in love, getting drunk and staying out of jail, it is obviously impossible for the masses to take an active part in the running of their country. But government there must be, and so a working compromise is reached whereby the citizenry, by simply taking an hour off every few years for the purpose of choosing representatives to make and enforce the laws, can devote to the common things of life the attention they deserve. When sufficient delegates have been chosen they proceed to an appointed place where, by the exercise of their collective wisdom during a full and open discussion on the topics of the day, decisions may be arrived at which will bring the greatest good to the greatest number. Theoretically, I repeat, the idea is sound but one must visit a democratic body in action to appreciate the immeasurable void that separates theory from fact.

Discussion there is, in super-abundance. Thousands upon thousands of speeches are made by Canadian politicians every year, upon every conceivable subject, but when the last sound is uttered and the result of all the oratory totalled the answer comes to precisely zero, carried to about the eighth power. But intelligent discussion requires something more than the mere exercising of vocal organs. It requires, primarily, listeners with discerning minds capable of digesting the arguments set forth to the end that the truth may be known. The efficacy of oratory, as of reason and of rain, is governed largely by the fertility of the ground on which it falls. The sad truth is that orators are, by the very nature of their calling, as impervious to oratory as a bigot is to reason, as a concrete sidewalk is to rain.

The deeper I delve into workings of this blackest of arts the more convinced do I become that, of all the plagues that scourge mankind, it is the most pernicious. It seems to be a fact that when this one *virus* fastens itself upon the human frame, it injures the auricular organs beyond repair, warps the brain and hinges the tongue at both ends! Gaze, for example, upon the sorry end of a once personable young man when he is stricken with the apparently innocuous after-dinner habit. Once popular, sought after, he is avoided as an incurable pest, for as the habit grows upon him he becomes increasingly alert in his search for opportunities with which to appease his hunger for speechifying. Presently,

unless some kind friend puts him out of misery, he will discover that politics places a fancy premium upon oratory and, presto, he is a politician in public office with a set of inane dogmas committed to memory which he can hurl at his opponents who will reply in kind. He is a Liberal, a Conservative or a C.C.F.'er, but he is never a mugwump. And he never listens—save, perhaps, to jot down notes with which to answer the speech being made by his opponent who will do likewise with his. When the party in opposition to his own has the floor he will, as like as not, turn his back upon the speaker and go to sleep, or he may read a newspaper, or write a letter, or tell a smutty story *sotto voce*, or pick his teeth, his ears or his nose. However, when his side is carrying the ball he pays some attention and applauds now and then to show agreement with the hokum being preached.

There is no implication here that there are not occasions when politicians talk sense. There are. But Mr. Bennett pays even less attention to Mr. King when he talks sound logic than he does when he spouts nonsense. Mr. Bennett should be more considerate of Mr. King for, had the latter not donned his most truculent sneer when the labour members hoisted storm warning of an approaching economic hurricane, Mr. Bennett would still be leading an opposition party!

This business of hooting the opposition is, although I hesitate to emphasize the obvious, a phase of democratic government which cannot be passed over lightly. Conditions being as they are it makes it imperative for every branch of Canadian government to utilize to the utmost every available ohm of brainpower. Yet some of the best brains in politics, which may be damnation with faint praise, atrophy on opposition benches because the *virus* has destroyed the ears of the *Honourable* men.

Nor does the damage stop here. The germ is capable of wreaking havoc with the ears and brain of the speaker, as Mr. W. Sanford Evans, M.L.A. for Manitoba, recently made plain in his reduction of all oratory to absurdity. Not only do democratic office-holders not listen to their opposition, there are times when they do not listen to themselves.

Mr. Evans is regarded by the good burghers of our town as having a mind only slightly inferior to that of Solon, or of Moses. Ace reactionary, he was, as editor of the long since defunct *Winnipeg Telegram*, Canada's first outstanding red-baiter. Bolshevik, they were in those days. The word Communist was not then in common use. As president of the Chamber of Commerce, his valedictory address of this year was a staunch, if a trifle anachronistic, defence of Canadian business men and their codes of ethics. By profession Mr. Evans is statistician to the grain trade and by avocation a politician—leader of the Conservative opposition in the Manitoba legislature.

Thus, when Mr. Bracken hauled the Wheat Agreement into the chamber last spring, Mr. Evans combined business with pleasure in a scathing denunciation of the pact. He took the scheme apart clause by clause and, 'proved, to the satisfaction of anyone with brains enough to come in out of the

rain, that the Wheat Agreement was a hallucination, compounded of bad economics, false hope and verbiage.' His effort lasted for two hours and at the end 'he had sliced away the thick covering of words which surrounded the agreement and exposed a large hunk of baloney.' (J.B.M., in the *Winnipeg Free Press*.)

Mr. Evans, the statistician, did this. Mr. Evans, the politician, proceeded to commit intellectual *hari kari* by swallowing the baloney. He voted aye to the Government's motion to send the bill to committee!

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**T**HROUGH the perspective of this thesis it may readily be seen why democracy attracts so many third-rate men, why it wastes time and money and can never get things done. It becomes, moreover, abundantly plain why international conferences which convene with such a fanfare of optimistic oratory consistently blow up with disgust.

J. M. Keynes, it will be recalled, attended the first conclave at Versailles and, being an economist, listened to the speeches of the delegates. When he came to understand the magnitude of the crime being committed he hastened to his colleagues to warn them of the cataclysm the treaty they were writing would precipitate. When, as was inevitable, the politicians refused to listen to him he fled to London to compose his now celebrated *Economic Consequences of the Peace*.

As with Versailles, so with every other conference. The Statesmen—euphemism for a gang of backwoods politicians in top hats and frock coats—leap into the spotlight, say their pretty pieces and sit down. But as no one makes the veriest pretence of listening to anyone else nothing ever happens. The nerves of that portion of the public who take all such monkeyshines seriously might easily be saved a deal of wear and tear if the politicians would stay home and send a box of gramophone records in their stead. The result would be the same; better, in fact, for the conferences could go on for as long as the records held out and the public would be spared the irksome task of listening to their fatuous apologies for the failure of this or that conference.

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**T**HE forefathers who formulated our civil laws were patently men of sounder sense than those who cast the mould for governmental procedure. They understood the function of oratory, and the function of listening. Recognizing the incompatibility of either in the opposite rôle, they provided a body of official listeners for the orators and called it a jury. Juries may err, and often do, but in the main they sift the facts and render a just and speedy verdict. But disband the jury, dismiss the judge, and turn the case over to a dozen special pleading partisan orators and the probabilities are that a decision would never be rendered, certainly not before the accused was long gone on the road to senile decay!

The solution then—but why suggest one? What good would it do? Nobody listens!



# Is Canadian Banking Competitive?

By S. H. ABRAMSON

**I**N spite of popular prejudice on the subject, the matter remains an 'Unsettled Question of Canadian Economy', since very little factual evidence has hitherto been presented, confirming or contradicting any statement on the subject. The latest authoritative study, that by the Macmillan Committee, declared that '...only in the field of interest rates have we found some evidence of common policy...' (Macmillan Report, p. 35). In addition, the Committee cited an excerpt from a brief submitted by the Canadian Bankers' Association in which the bankers declared that not only does there obtain a very keen competition between different banks but also between different branches of the bank! Unfortunately, we were not told of what this competition consisted, either inter-bank or intra-bank, but we shall make some attempt to supply this defect further on. It is the purpose of this article to compare those two statements, (1) with the relevant facts, insofar as they are accessible; and (2) with other statements by the bankers themselves. In this way, it is hoped to present a definitive answer to the question contained in the title.

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**A**T the outset, it must be admitted that the concept of competition when applied to banking yields few useful practical criteria by which the extent of competition (or lack of it) can be measured. Commercial banking, by its very nature, is an example of what we may call imperfect competition; this arises most clearly in connection with 'lines of credit' and discounts. The multitude of borrowers, each representing an individual risk, provides ample justification for discrimination by means of differing rates of interest. It is, however, where the rates of interest differ but little and/or are rigid over a very long period of time that one may suspect, (1) that the bankers do business on a conventional basis, e.g., it is the custom to charge 7 per cent. payable in advance on discounts, or (2) that the rigidity of the interest rates is due to agreement among the banks. In either case, the movement (or lack of it) of the rates of interest would not afford us a criterion by which to discover the type and degree of competition among the banks. It would, however, tell us that competition, if it exists, is not effected through the rates of interest.

The next step is to examine the movements of the rates of interest. Unfortunately, the evidence here is of the scantiest, which is in striking contrast with the general excellence of Canadian banking statistics. Thus, if one wanted to know what the variation of rates on certain classes of borrowers was, as between the East and the West since the war, he would find that the only information on that particular topic was that contained in *Patterson's Canadian Banking* (p. 157) in which it is stated that Mr. Powell, of the now non-existent Weyburn Security Bank, had made a statement on

the subject in the early 'twenties. That is the sort of handicap one meets in research of this nature.

However, one thing can be cleared up without difficulty, and that is the rate of interest paid on savings deposits. On this point, we know definitely that the banks agree what rate shall be paid. This, however, is the practice of bankers both in the United States and England.

Some further information is available in the *Proceedings of the House Committee on Banking and Commerce* (April, 1934). Thus, it was admitted that the 6 per cent. rate on regular commercial loans had not changed for the last 20 years, and it was alleged that the rates had been fixed by the Bankers' Association, but the latter charge was not admitted by the banks. (p. 505 and p. 521). It was also brought out that a grain company in Winnipeg refused to borrow at 6 per cent. from the Canadian banks and went to New York and borrowed at a rate between 3 and 4 per cent.—and this was a relatively recent event when the banks were claiming that they couldn't find borrowers. When asked why the banks did not make loans at such rates, the General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce declared that his money costs him  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., so that he would lose by lending at any rate less than that. Unfortunately, he supplied no basis for his estimate of costs, (p. 337), and in general it is a rather specious statement in view of the fact that English banks are loaning on prime bills at less than 1 per cent.

The rate of interest charged the farmers has always been a sore point—to the farmers. As is well known, the legal maximum is 7 per cent., but prior to May 1st, 1933, it was not uncommon to find rates in excess of 7 and as high as 10 per cent. The evidence before the House Committee in 1923 submitted by Sir John Aird showed that 95 per cent. of loans to farmers was at 8 per cent., none below 6 per cent., and some at 10 per cent. In July, 1931, the Canadian Bankers' Association declared that 76 per cent. of the loans in the West were at 7 per cent. or less, and 20 per cent. of the loans were from 7 to 8 per cent. This would indicate that the rate of interest in the West has fallen somewhat, but there is no warrant for believing that the rate ever went below 6 per cent. Since May 1st, 1933, the maximum rate charge is 7 per cent., following the reduction in the rate paid on deposits from 3 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The penalties imposed in the new Bank Act may be effective in keeping the rate down to 7 per cent.

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**O**N the basis of this evidence, admittedly scanty, it would not appear that there was much movement in the rate of interest charged up to within a recent period since the war. Furthermore, it would appear also that there is a rather close uniformity between the rates in the East and in the West charged ordinary borrowers. This is an interesting item, as it indicates that the rate of interest charged does not vary with the risk involved, as far as ordinary borrowers are concerned; but is independent of the amount of risk involved in each

individual case. However, again in fairness to the bankers it must be pointed out that in England and the United States the rates charged ordinary borrowers for ordinary loans do not vary considerably over relatively long periods. As far as the ordinary borrower is concerned, i.e., the average, small borrower, the usual experience is for the rate to be relatively inelastic for some time. Banks in England, the United States, and Canada are alike in this that they tend to charge the same rate to small borrowers for a relatively long time. In this case, the rate of interest is not the means of competition among banks to attract the small borrowers.

The question next arises: What of the large borrower—the person or company whose credit is universally well known? The experience of the Winnipeg grain company has already been cited. In the proceedings above referred to (pp. 362, 363), there was a loan to the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. at 6 per cent., although guaranteed by the government; and of course the celebrated loan of \$60,000,000 to the C.P.R. at 5 per cent. again guaranteed by the Government. It is true that these loans were of longer maturity than usual, but to balance that there was a government guarantee. When questioned as to why the rates were not lower in view of the government guarantee, one banker replied that he did not attach much importance to that! That is, of course, why they insisted on a government guarantee. Mr. E. W. Beatty thought, as a business man, that 5 per cent. was too high on such a loan. At the 1934 hearings, Sir Charles Gordon, the President of the Bank of Montreal, admitted that there had been an arrangement not to make loans secured by Dominion Bonds at less than 5 per cent. (p. 505). He denied that there was a general agreement to fix rates.

When asked why the banks had not reduced the interest rates on commercial loans after they had reduced the rate on savings deposits, Sir Charles replied: 'Well, the principal reason is that banks are pretty hard pressed to make their charges and make their dividends. You know we have decreased our dividends from 14 per cent. to 8 per cent. We have also decreased expenses in every direction, and we have had a lot of bad debts through these bad times. They have to be provided for.' (p. 521). *The statement tacitly admits that the banks do not act independently on questions of rates of interest, as Sir Charles surely is aware that when the market is shrinking, and competition prevails, one way of increasing one's volume of business is by lowering the price.*

On the direct question as to co-operation between banks, Mr. Morris W. Wilson, then General Manager and now President of the Royal Bank, replied: '... the general managers talk to each other all the time. I mean, hardly a day goes by but what I telephone general managers of other banks. What we do is not done in a formal way. We do not sit around the table and decide whether to do this or that; but there are many different situations in which either one bank or another is interested. We naturally talk the problems over. You referred last week to the stock exchange crisis in Montreal. In

matters of that sort, naturally the general managers talk together; but we do not sit down and have lunch together, or have a dinner together, and leave the table and say, "Now, it is agreed we are all going to do thus and so." It is an exchange of views. We are interested in what is going on in the country. We want to do the best we can to keep the thing on the rails, and somebody else may have views which I think might be helpful, and I am anxious to get those views.' (p. 533.) Such statements will indicate that the above quoted statements of the Macmillan Committee erred decidedly on the side of conservatism.

In England and the United States, it is true that there is little competition *via* rates of interest for the average borrower, but there is a decided competition for prime short-term bills, call money, etc.; in other words, there is a highly organized competition for certain classes of short-term securities. In Canada, there exists no money markets for such short-term paper. If our new Central Bank is to do more than 'rig' the market for the flotation of government securities, as have the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Board, it can supply the deficiency which exists and encourage the development of a competitive market for prime short-term paper. There is no reason why rates on bank loans should go down in a period of excess reserves only when the banks reduce the rate of interest on time deposits—and assuming one billion dollars as the amount of interest bearing savings, it means that the banks save themselves five millions per annum per half per cent. reduction.

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IF then it is agreed that the point has been established that the Canadian banks do not compete *via* rates of interest for two reasons: (1) because it is traditional to charge average borrowers certain rates of interest: (2) because there seems to be rather close collaboration on all general matters. The question arises: how then do banks compete with one another? The answer is: by the services they offer; the location of their branches; the appearance of their branches; their system of foreign branches and correspondence; the relative amount of credit they are willing to extend, etc. But against these there must be balanced this consideration; that in the desire to attract the largest number of customers there occurs the indiscriminate duplication of banking services so evident in Montreal. This duplication of services increases costs, the 'toney' scale on which they build their branch buildings adds considerably to their sunk costs, and, in general, they increase the cost to society without increasing the benefits to society.

There is no need to pursue the theme further. Banking, which is so vital a part of the economic machinery of our country, presents the picture of an activity in which competitive and monopolistic elements are combined; the monopolistic elements keep the rates of interest up; the competitive elements act as cost-raising levers—without affording any of the supposed traditional benefits of competition. Let us hope that the new Central Bank will make it its task to supply the needful corrective.



## That Tory Hepburn

ONE of the peculiar disadvantages of the present time is that radicalism has become a cult among persons who have never defined the term. The result is that there has arisen more than one bright young man capable of impressing his hearers with an enthusiasm for reform which does not happen to exist.

In fact it would seem that, whereas once the radical was forced by popular prejudice to conceal his true purposes by an appearance of conservatism, today the conservative is under some provocation to pose as a radical in order to remain respectable.

In such a world the stubborn refusal of Mackenzie King to consider constitutional amendments, or to depart from his ancient theories of industrial reform, assumes some virtue. The stand he has taken for so long may not be wise, nor politically expedient, but at least it is definite. 'Consistency', sneered Wilde, 'is the virtue of the mediocre', and there is truth in the epigram. But in a world of tub-thumping Bennetts and floundering Stevens' one turns to such mediocrity, if not for guidance at least for rest—and, according to vague, preliminary hints, the 1935 election platform of the Liberal party will be nothing if not restful.

So far, so good. If we agree that Mr. Bennett is sincerely determined to carry out some of the remedies which his genius for political strategy has evolved, we can feel satisfied that the issues are now clearly defined for those electors who decide how they will vote by considering the utterances of Federal leaders. Mr. King represents the quintessence of *laissez faire*—*laissez passer*; Mr. Bennett is appealing on a platform of industrial controls. But unfortunately bright young men are intervening between the citizen and these obvious alternatives, confusing the true issue by creating the illusion of radicalism where there is none, by employing Rooseveltian catch-phrases to cover up rampant Hooverisms, by using the jargon of revolt to lure the badly informed into the reactionary camp. Among such has Mitchell Hepburn proved himself to be outstanding.

The great adventure of Liberalism in Ontario has resulted in an indefinitely continued political scalping party so childish and barbarous that its most blatant occurrences—including the firing of P. D. Ross from the Ottawa Hydro Commission with the explanation that the editorial columns of his newspaper, the *Ottawa Journal*, reflected partisanship for the Tories—have turned the stomachs even of some Liberal supporters. There have been no indications of guiding principle, no broader conception of reform than the utilitarian, but somewhat inadequate, theory that administrative expenses should be cut down. Roebuck has muttered of 'codes', and in the early days of the administration there was a certain flavour of left wing ideology about his proposals, yet now, on the eve of a Federal election, the true bankruptcy of statesmanship which marks the Ontario Liberal party has been revealed by the Premier himself. On his return from the West Indies he warned Mr. Bennett to beware of in-

fringing on the rights of the provinces and he made a comparison between the industrial reforms proposed by the present Prime Minister and those suggested by Mr. King—a suggestion which is either a piece of consummate casuistry or proceeds from a profound ignorance of political economy.

Insofar as amendment of the B.N.A. Act is concerned, Mr. Hepburn, in company with other provincial premiers, has played an obscure rôle. Some time ago Mr. Bennett announced a Dominion-provincial conference, to discuss the proposed changes; later he announced that, due to an apparent apathy on the part of provincial governments, the conference had been indefinitely postponed and later still, Mr. Hepburn accused Mr. Bennett of being the cause of this postponement. It was apparent, then, that somebody had been 'holding out' on somebody else, but the answer was buried in records of correspondence not accessible to the public. When Mr. Hepburn publicly criticized the Prime Minister for his proposal to amend the B.N.A. Act, it did not prove that he was among those responsible for frustration of the conference, but it at least placed him among the ranks of 'stand-patters' who would regard such a gathering with high disfavour.

In regard to the industrial reforms advocated by the Prime Minister, Mr. Hepburn pointed out that Mr. Bennett advocated regulation of hours and wages, and therefore government intervention in business, whereas Mr. King, by proposing encouragement of co-operation between managements and employees, stood out for the more satisfactory ideal of industrial supervision. It is hardly necessary to point out that Mr. Hepburn in making this distinction, to the advantage of his Federal leader, is condemning those rudimentary functions of the State which brought England through troubles which resulted from the Industrial Revolution.

Mr. Hepburn is not to be blamed for taking this stand behind the Federal party; indeed, it would be unreasonable to expect so thorough-going a party man to do otherwise. But this is the man who, when he went into office, presented himself as a radical reformer! Mr. Hepburn—by his youth, his audacity, his disrespect of the niceties of procedure in the firing of those in political disagreement with himself—has impressed Ontario, and the attributes listed above have been mistaken for intellectual independence. Few greater mistakes have been made.

That is the threat of Hepburnism. It does not matter, insofar as this argument goes, whether the Planner is right or the advocate of *laissez faire*; what does matter is that the arguments of each should be presented without subterfuge, and it is an insult to the intelligence to have old dogmas outlined as if they were young and vigorous ideas.

Mr. Taschereau wears the Nineteenth Century more gracefully than his fledgeling colleague in Ontario.

J. G. D.







# Brotherhood

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

THE All-Nations banquet was so well attended that when the Karmanskis arrived late, there seemed to be no place for them. Mrs. Karmanski, breathing again with relief, pulled at her husband's arm and whispered that they had better go back home. But her husband had a strange, excited look. He had never been quite the same since the day the lady came and asked him to represent Natovia at the All-Nations' banquet. She had left two free tickets which Anna wished she had burned. A man in a black-tailed coat beckoned at them peremptorily and they were obliged to follow him between the close-set tables.

Neither of them was of a build for edging through narrow places. Mr. Karmanski shoved the chairs or brushed the shoulders of glittering ladies who looked round sharply and then smiled. Anna felt their well-bred, tolerant smiles extend to herself as she shoved her way behind him. Her face burned, the big, bright crowded room dipped and righted itself as though it were a room on a ship. She was glad when the man pulled out chairs for them at a table where there were two places vacant.

The rest were half through dinner but a waitress brought the Karmanskis the very first dishes, fruit cut up in a glass cup and a plate of soup. Sam began to eat at once. He was hungry, the dinner was free, he didn't care about the ladies watching or about which spoon was the one to use. He was angry with her because she had made them late by crying and refusing to come. She couldn't eat. The soup plates had been taken away from the other diners and they sat waiting for the next course, talking and watching the new-comers. Anna's face grew so hot that suddenly she felt a trickle of perspiration run down her cheek just in front of her ear. The ladies were powdered and cool. She sat miserably rigid, not daring to drink a little water for fear her stiff fingers would drop the glass.

'Eat,' grunted Sam.

She couldn't even swallow. Her full dishes were carried away and the main course brought. Sam fell upon it eagerly. He ate with a great grunting and clashing; the ladies laughed but pretended that they were amused by the talk between them. Anna, casting cautious glances at them, understood how it was. The smell of the hot food before her made her ravenous; she was nursing the baby and that kept her always hungry, but she could not bring herself to touch the briskly aligned forks. At last she broke a roll and ate it dry because none of the knives looked right to spread butter with.

'Eat,' grumbled Sam. He was hot, too, but he had eaten well. He looked excited and eager. It was his fault that they had come and she felt a sense of anger against him. The chicken looked so good and she almost found courage to taste it, but suppose she couldn't cut it, suppose she spilled something on the cloth. She kept looking at it and her

hunger was so great that at last she lifted a fork and tasted the potato. It was good, she was going to eat more when the waitress took hold of the edge of the plate saying sharply,

'Finished with this?'

Anna nodded humbly, the table was cleared and a dessert brought on.

'I suppose you don't care for ice cream,' a strange voice said suddenly. Anna jumped. One of the ladies had spoken to her. She looked up, terrified and pleading, but the lady, a very thin one in a shiny black dress with no sleeves or neck to it, went on cheerily.

'I suppose you don't have it where you come from and that's why you don't care for it.'

Anna murmured and nodded. She had been about to eat the dessert out of sheer starvation and now she couldn't. Her husband lapped up his in an instant and gave her an impatient look. If only they were at home. She had made a stew for the children but she had been too much upset and too hurried to eat any of it herself. She thought of the rich, steamy gravy, the chunks of bread.

'I suppose you have little folks at home,' said a lady in a pink dress without any shoulders. 'You have children, I suppose,' she repeated kindly, when it was plain that Anna did not understand. Anna nodded, afraid to speak yet more afraid that silence would expose her to further questions.

'How many?' smiled the lady.

'Seven,' Anna murmured and then looked quickly at her husband and was glad to see that he had not heard. What had made her say that?

'Think of that!' cried the pink lady to the black one who shook her head and said, 'Seven! Imagine it!'

What would they say if they knew there were really eight? Anna had no idea why she had lied. But ladies like these always thought eight was a great many. She had left out the baby who might be hungry and crying this minute. He couldn't be any hungrier than she was and she felt like crying, too.

At a table far off at the other end of the room, a man stood up and began to talk. Anna could not understand a word he said. He called out the names of countries and in answer to each a man or woman in some part of the room stood up and talked. While they were talking, people laughed and when they finished everybody clapped. The pink lady said to the black one that the Frenchman was very clever and the black one said that the Russian countess had real temperament. A girl sang, there was more clapping and then more speeches. Anna let her feet sprawl comfortably under cover of the table cloth but the hard chair was too small for her, the top of it bit a ridge across her back. She was tired and hungry and she could understand nothing that was said. Sam couldn't understand either, but he pre-

tended that he could. He leaned forward staring intently at the speaker, breathing hard through his mouth and when the rest clapped he struck his thick hands together and smiled broadly.

Slowly it occurred to Anna that this was what Sam had been invited to do—to stand up and speak when his name was called. The thought filled her with terror. How could her Sam stand up and talk before all these people, what could he say that they would be willing to hear? She felt that she must warn him, get him away quickly before the dangerous man with the paper could have time to call his name. She looked at him but he was listening hard with his lips parted in a grimace of effort. She tried to whisper, but he frowned and motioned to her to be silent. He must know what was coming. There was nothing she could do now.

Sweat made secret channels down her sides and back. Brotherhood, friendship, co-operation. She heard the words over and over but they meant nothing. Once she ventured to look about but the lady in black smiled encouragingly at her and she bent her head quickly. Maybe Oly would be in one of his spells again and then what would Marfa do? Marfa was good to mind the others but she was only twelve. The woman next door had offered to keep her eye on them but she would be drunk by this time.

'Natovia,' called the man. 'Mr. Sam Karmanski representing Natovia.'

Her body shook all over with a chill and her heart stood still in her throat. Even now they could get away—pushing between the tables to the door, running down the lighted corridor to the safe street. Sam had no wish to escape. His face was hot and shiny, but he pushed back his chair and stood up proudly. Suddenly she knew that his best brown

suit and red tie were all wrong, for the other men had on white and black.

'Ladies and gentlemen—' His voice boomed loudly against her ear. Anna slid down farther in her chair; if only she could hide under the table, under the long, safe cloth. The pink lady and the black lady stared at Sam, looked at each other and then quickly away.

Friends, brothers, help, co-operate—he had all the right words. Where had he learned them? His voice went on and on but through the fog of her shame and misery she understood nothing. She wanted to pull his coat to make him sit down for people were staring at him and when they laughed she felt sure that he had not said anything funny but that they were laughing at him and he was too excited to notice.

His fat fist thumped the table and made her tremble all over. She could not look up at his red, strained face. A kind of steam of effort and earnestness exuded from him, enveloping her. He would go on forever, she would sit here all her life long, starving before a cleared table, sweating under cool, amused eyes. She would never see the children again; they had grown a little vague already. She was terrified, she wanted to scream and run while there was time. But perhaps already she couldn't move, perhaps already she had been turned into aching, melting stone.

Sam sat down, wiped his face all over with a red handkerchief. People clapped and laughed. Anna breathed again. If that was over perhaps the whole nightmare could have an end. She hoped the children had left some of the stew. She shifted her body cautiously on the numbing hardness of the little chair and heard the man call another name. In a moment when the ladies looked away she would ask Sam if they couldn't go home.

## Cloud Wrangler

By CHARLES CLAY

**I** STRIDE across the aerodrome in the velvety blackness of a hot, humid summer night. It is ripe for rain.

Ethel's words are still ringing in my ears: 'Say! hang up, you're through!'—and the phone receiver had crashed down. I wonder what she is doing just now—out with him? Bah! dreamy, lily-fingered egotist, tickling ivories, eh? That's what he is. And I'm only a mail pilot, am I?

Through the open door of the office I clump and into the chart room; maps, protractors, charts, weather instruments. Other nights I had been glad to see them, but tonight—

'G'night Buzz. Looks like a rotten go. Wind's from 25 degrees, but only 25 miles per. Rain likely; low ceiling, about 1,500 and coming down; get above it.'

The little chart man irritates me tonight. I snort out a reply and slam through a side door into the

vast, dimly-lit hangar. There the ships crouch, like great ghostly birds. I stride over to XLV. The monkeys are putting the finishing touches on her.

A swing up, leg over the side, and I am in the cockpit. The instrument board gleams under the dash-lamp; round dial-eyes that never blink stare at me. I set the compass—lily fingers, bah!

'Right, Murphy, let's get some air,' I call to the hangar chief, as I wriggle to a comfortable seat on my parachute and adjust my goggles.

The great doors slide up and the ship rolls out into the tense night. Suddenly the darkness is shattered and turned into day—the flood lights.

'Let her have it, Joe,' I call to my mechanic, and a slow *crescendo* scream of the starter is my answer. Shriller and shriller it sounds. The maximum pitch, and I throw the switch: a spluttering roar and XLV's great heart throbs to life.

I warm up the motor—perhaps they're sitting on



the same stool and he's tinkling away! No thunder like mine though!—and the wheels tug at the chocks. I throttle down, wave my hand over the side and the chocks are pulled.

Motor crackling, screw roaring, racing over the run, spitting fire; the gleaming white sheet of earth drops below. Up, up, the lift of the ship presses me onto the seat, up to where the slender white beacon-finger traces slowly on the low clouds. Ceiling. We sweep through the filmy mass.

Funny things, clouds—soft, damp masses, cool and fresh—like Ethel's hair the time the rain caught us. Ethel's hair—

I look at my instrument board, their white eyes gleam like ivory keys—bah! What does she see in that slender-fingered dreamer? The little pointer has crept to 2,500 feet. The vapor is getting cooler, should break through soon. XLV is throbbing supremely, the regular lift of the seat is comforting as we climb, climb up and up through the white prison. White—Ethel's filmy dress the time of the masquerade, it was white. Sleek oily hair, lily fingers—wonder what dress she has on tonight?

Ah, free at last! Alone in a vast grey unreal world. Ten billion stars twinkle around a bright oval moon. As far as I can see, shaggy cloud tops are shimmering in pale, silver light; above is a pale grey sky; and winking pin points—gleaming like Ethel's teeth when she laughs. Wonder if she is laughing now? Laughing into Lily-finger's perfumed face? Bah!

We zoom on through the night. Wonder how quiet it would be if I could shut her off—floating, and not zooming; deathly still air; weird, eerie. How hushed are the stars—'the stars do not chatter'—who wrote that? Chatter? Woman—Ethel never chatters—sweet voice—and he's listening to it now! The roar of the motor is comforting.

I glance down at my compass, and shove the stick over a little until the bright needle lies under the glowing strings on the bowl. I glance up as the moon whips behind the rim of another uprearing cloud bank—I zoom straight ahead in the sudden darkness, between two layers of inky clouds, in a blackness that is almost painful after the bright moonlight. Little red and green wing-tip lights finger the clouds above and below. The dials glow reassuringly in the dash. At my feet the needle lies, slim and true, under the shiny strings.

Strings! That's what the hammers of his ivories bang on! What does she see in him?—dreamy, lily-fingered, oiled hair, perfumed! And I'm only a cloud wrangler! Grease, gas, oil, engines, rudder bars, air screws, flood lights—no romance, no poetry, no music. God!

Far ahead a wide silver sea surges toward us—we sweep into it—moonlight again. Skimming along over cloud-tops. They're smoother now—layer thinning out, perhaps. I look down. The jet shadow of the plane is etched on the clouds, circled with a halo of rainbow colours. Beautiful! If Ethel were here now—lily fingers, tinkling keys—'Say! hang up! You're through!'

My dash clock says 12; two hours in the air. I feel a bit stiff and I wriggle in my seat. Out of a cloud

bank shoots a glistening silhouette, fronted with lights—red, white, green. It's Rusty, outward bound; good old Rusty, long, lanky, all hands and feet and joints; awkward; red hair; marvellous flyer—no women for him. I dip the ship and blink my lights; he answers. We zoom past each other. I'll be going the other way tomorrow night—back to the city where Lily-fingers will be tinkling. Damn him, anyway!

Fifty miles to go yet. Hell! I'm sleepy. Night cloud wrangler—mail carrier of a nation.

Jagged black pits spot the shining floor; she's breaking up; I nose XLV down. Long black vapour tendrils writhe up past the ship; down, down, into a foam sea. Waves of it strike us, cold and chill. We are down under and the air feels comfortably warm. Up above are white jagged rents in the black roof.

I look over the side: far below, a car on the highway moves along behind its little twitching fan of light; on the left, a long light-beam followed by a string of pearls, is a train; the city lights gleam ahead. West of it, sleeved by a tower of glowing red, the long white beacon arm waves and waves in welcome.

The city lies below; streets. Now we're over the 'drome; 12.29—three minutes to go. I shove the red-handled switch and cut the engine; in answer a great white sheet of light flashes out—the floods.

Wires whistle with an air of anticipation as we glide down. We slip into the white glare—level out—three feet off—settle—touch—run—burst of the engine and we taxi over to the waiting mail truck. White clad men grab the wing tips—we stop.

I fling off the helmet goggles, loose the strap, and clamber stiffly down the smooth side, wet from the clouds—good old XLV, we're here.

'Anybody got a cigarette? Thanks, Rod. Wha's 'at?—naw—rotten up above—clouds—rain—helluva night for flying—'

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## PRAIRIE SKY

This land can never be a part of me  
On account of my fear,  
Not of black, level soil, stretched endlessly,  
Crossed with young grain, like a wide, green-striped  
sea,  
But the heavens leaning too near.

I cringe beneath this blazing arc of blue  
Contriving to crush me down.  
Storm-clouds, livid with threats, dip low to do  
Me harm; or violent sunset skies pursue  
Me brazenly through the town.

Can houses, silos, scattered meagerly  
Hold back this glaring dome?  
Can houses, silos, scattered meagrely  
Time-tested barricades against immensity—  
Take root in prairie loam?

GRACE TOMKINSON

*The Canadian Forum*

# David B. Milne

By DONALD W. BUCHANAN

ALL life is a learning to dream dreams that work. As the child grows to the man, he calls those dreams that work, his practical environment. They are the houses, the trees, the vegetables, the furniture, the glass and the pitcher on the table. But these, the objects of representational reality, are, to the subjective painter, merely tokens to be used, to be fashioned, by his personal vision and sensibility, into something familiar but individual, which will excite us in degree as we do respond through our own eyes to the rhythm of the painter's speech.

David B. Milne is of this clan; he paints because he wants to sing and dance that way, because he wants to forge, with brush and emotion, his own little dream of reality out of the dreams we live among. He is not of the new generation of prose painters, people who ably enough, in murals and on canvases, that should be murals, describe and illustrate the multitudinous variety of life, who underline the anecdotic and the socially significant elements of their vision. He is rather of those, who from the *Fauves*, in pre-war France and onwards, have favoured the creation of decorative compositions on canvas.

One does not call him a follower of Matisse, for he is not that, he imitates directly no one, yet his approach to art is similar to that shown by this French painter.

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'TO my mind,' wrote Matisse, 'expression dwells less in the arrangement of the subject than that of the composition of a picture, the method of placing things, the atmosphere and the empty spaces that surround them.'

Also, Milne's declaration, that 'the art is aesthetic emotion, exhausting, to be sustained intensely only for a short time', allies him to those modern masters who aim at intensity of expression. His compositions are easily to be followed and it may be said of them, as of those by Matisse, that 'they charm by their harmony and seem made more for pleasing the eye than disturbing the mind'.

The paintings of this Canadian have only recently been introduced, through exhibitions in Toronto and elsewhere, to most of us. This, at long last, for the man is now fifty-two years of age.

His work is, we should like to think, a challenge to the demand of Thomas Craven, the author of *Modern Art*, that painters on this continent must shun, like the forces of Satan, that restrained, personal aestheticism which characterizes modern French painting. Mr. Craven wants the harsh realities of American life to be spread flamboyantly for us in rich pigment; but the poet, no matter what his medium or his nationality, will always see life differently from the propagandist.

Mr. Milne, although he never went to Paris to

study, and has always been content with his little rural villages in upper New York State or in Ontario, has produced, through a mere attempt to be himself, delicate, sweetly logical landscapes of barns and wide-porched farmhouses, of water-lilies in enamel wash-basins on deal tables that remind one, neither of barn-dances nor of Mr. Hepburn, but rather of the bitter tang, the quick dry vitality of a glass of French vermouth which one sips with a surety that comes from relief and satisfaction in a life that has its bounds on the near horizon.

This artist, who, since 1929 and at intervals before, has lived in Canada, has frequented Timagami and Ottawa, Palgrave on the banks of the Ontario Humber, and now Muskoka, is a man who has passed as an equal with a generation of United States painters through most of the influences that have been bringing painting on this continent to maturity during the twentieth century. He received his training at the Art Students' League in New York City, he lived there until the war years; in 1919 he was preparing, in France and England, water-colours for the Canadian war memorials collection, and since then he has dwelt and absorbed in small hamlets the atmosphere of rural North America. Born in Bruce County, Ontario, he taught school for a while in Canada; then, as a young man in New York, he saw pass before him the exciting experiments of modern art. In the famous Armories Exhibition of 1913, when the canvases of Picasso, Matisse, and the others, arrived to astonish the Americans, Milne was among the New York artists who had pictures hung in the same show.

Impressionism influenced him (the broken, blunted contours that indicate his draughtsmanship are a sign of this); the later emphasis on broad contrasts of colour masses as seen in Gauguin and Matisse also had their effect.

The stream of art flows broadly across the western world, and no painter that is alive in his youth and maturity can escape the ideas that spread about him. But Milne has been a man who has absorbed slowly, with deliberation. You cannot point anywhere in his work and say that he is of this master or that, for he is not. Alone, from all these influences, he has found his own way of expressing that sure persistent application of feeling and calm reaction to the simple scenes about him. One senses that he has never lost his roots, that he is still the young man who, at twenty-two, was teaching school in the country north of Toronto, a farmer's son, or to distinguish him more closely than that, a man of rural Ontario whose spirit, whose emotional outlook, has not changed with the knowledge his eyes have drunk in elsewhere over the years, and that in Muskoka or in some community like Palgrave, Ontario, he shows us that a Canadian, as well as any Frenchman, can have delicacy, restraint, and a little of logic, in his mind and art.



PAPER BAG

By DAVID B. MILNE



**S**IMILAR qualities appear in his criticisms of art and artists. He has written much of value, in letters, on Canadian painting and also on his own methods of composition.

We can learn largely from a long description he once gave, in a letter, of a picture called, 'Lilies from the Bush', submitted for showing in Montreal in 1931.

'The title,' he wrote (although the composition is obviously a still-life of lilies on a table), 'means nothing and explains nothing.

'The real subject is concerned with, first, line; second, the separation of colour with black and white values and hues; third, the arrangement—the use of the blank space.

'I think the usual way is to brush in the picture broadly, in masses, coming to your more detailed line last. In this—and in all my stuff—the method is the opposite. All line is put in detail first—though the rest is planned at the same time; then is made readable, simplified by emphasis or reduction with values and hues or by simplifying the arrangement of the line itself.'

This statement by Milne brings him closely to those who partake of a modern trend in painting, called by the French critics, *Imagerie*, which is related to the illumination of mediaeval manuscripts, that is, the working from line, a drawing, to the decoration of the space to be filled.

But there are also more original elements in his work.

'The use of the blank space,' he explains, in the painting of the water-lilies he has been describing, 'is the conscious motive of the picture. That is the dazzle spot. It is a blow, a push, violence, but with a purpose. It must be the first thing to be grasped in the picture and so must be in strong contrast, violent. . . . The dazzle area speeds you into the picture, rouses your emotion without loss of time in preliminaries, and so enables you to feel more intensely.'

Mentioning the use of colour, Milne has stressed the most notable quality, next to the 'dazzle spot', to be found in his compositions.

'Value is the most powerful simplifying agent, because it has the most contrast. Put black against white . . . and you have the most violent of contrasts. If you can make your outline drawing quickly enough readable by the use of values, there is no need of adding hues, they would be in the way.'

But greys, blacks and whites, the range of contrasting values, he felt were not enough.

'For all minor emphasis and reduction . . . I add hues'—and in reference to this particular picture—'some green, a little purple, two reds and a violet.'

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**I**N one of his finest paintings, a canvas done near Palgrave about two years ago, you are at once attracted by the clean, white ends of two barns, which stand forth vividly from the centre of the landscape. Their white brings your eye rushing into

the picture. This is high excitement. Your vision is startled. It hangs suspended first on one patch, then on the other. Afterwards it roves away, quickly, like the glance of a lover, who, walking into a room, lets his eye slip, for a moment, from the form and figure of his beloved to grasp, in one rich second of comprehension, the shape and beauty of the things about, before it returns, as return it must, to the object of its attraction.

The eye, in this picture, seeks the hills. They rise beyond the barns in line after line of colour, red purples, their dark values lightened by a touch of white added in the mixing, and greens, not too brilliant, and a purplish blue, that gives an illusion of recession to the horizon. Behind is the sky, placid, limpid, unbroken, a great, open background in which the vision can rest and breathe, lest it fatigue itself otherwise through stress of the aesthetic emotion, for come back it will, before it leaves the picture, to stop again before those compelling white areas, the dazzle spots, that Milne invents with such intent.

Few of the things the artist did before 1931 are as stimulating as this. They are too dry, those others. Only recently, do the colours become more intense, only recently are planes and lines used to form some volume and a little depth, only now is the third dimension added to that which has always been before an essentially decorative arrangement.

The composition of spaces placed round a line drawing has been Milne's painting, and this has been Milne's limitation. Volume, the third dimension, has not concerned him greatly. That it is now doing so, means much. That the modulation of colour to produce depth and the contrast of values and spaces to create a feeling for cubes and recession should now be evident in the man's work is proof of his capacity to advance. To use a contemporary reference, behind and looming high above Matisse, there is always Cézanne.

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#### WHY MUST I GO KNOCKING?

Thy soul is like a wall  
On which my spirit fainting climbs,  
To fall back bruised.  
Unlike wisdom is this,  
To go knocking my poor head  
Against the stone.  
Let me step back a space  
And throw around my city  
My bastioned walls.  
Why must I go knocking at your battlements?  
Come and knock at mine.  
My citadel is as fair as yours,  
Nay, fairer,  
And desirable—  
But ah love, not to you;  
So what care I.

DIANA SKALA.

## Footlights

New York Notes

**A**FTER two years' captivity in Hollywood Leslie Howard received a royal welcome back to Broadway, when he returned in Robert Sherwood's new play *The Petrified Forest*. The Broadhurst Theatre was jammed with celebrities for the opening and even blasé New York was excited about the production. Favourable reports from Boston and other try-out cities had stimulated advance sales and for some days scalpers had been demanding fifteen dollars for a seat on the opening night and getting it. Long before the performance started autograph fiends lined the side-walk outside the theatre, waiting for their prey, and soon they could be seen clinging like barnacles to George Kaufman, Walter Connolly and their other theatrical favourites. By eight-thirty the sleek residents of Park Avenue and Riverside Drive were arriving in their limousines and filling the foyer with diamonds and sables. Just before the curtain Alexander Woolcott and Robert Benchley, the former making devastating use of his bulk, jostled their way to their free seats and started to sharpen their critical faculties. It was a show before the show.

But *The Petrified Forest* was by no means an anti-climax and turned out to be an extremely exciting philosophical melodrama, written with a lively style and a fine sense of humour. It should definitely establish Sherwood's right to be ranked as one of the leading American dramatists and should also swell his coffers, for the audience and the press were most enthusiastic and it looks as if the play will have a long and prosperous run.

He's very restless, this fellow Sherwood. First he was concerned with ancient Rome and how a lone woman—and a senator's wife at that—using weapons so far unrecognized by Disarmament Conferences, was able to turn back the mighty Hannibal and his elephants. Then with *Reunion in Vienna* he gave us a few intimate and spicy glimpses of post-war Vienna and the Hapsburgs at play. With *The Petrified Forest* he makes a triumphant return to his native heath—or rather desert—for the scene is a gas station and lunch room in eastern Arizona.

There are only two scenes and the first is inclined to be leisurely, with the dramatist taking his own sweet time about introducing his characters and developing his ideas. The lunch room is run by Jason Maple, an ardent member of the American Legion, about which Mr. Sherwood has some very devastating things to say, with the assistance of his remarkable daughter Gabrielle, known to the boys as Gabby, who, when she isn't serving the customers, is busy reading the poems of Francois Villon and repulsing the amorous overtures of the half-back from Nebraska Tech who runs the gas pumps. She also does a lot of fancy cursing when she can find the time.

Alan Squire, played by Leslie Howard, a weary and impecunious hitch-hiker, wanders in. He is a disillusioned and unsuccessful novelist, 'born too late for the world war and too early for the revolution', and he is searching for something to believe

in. He rapidly begins to believe in Gabby and soon he is telling her about his gentle philosophy of life and about the Europe she is yearning to see. The exterior coarseness and the interior beauty of this desert virgin intrigue him, particularly when she is sport enough to pay for the meal he has just eaten. This quiet scene is rudely disturbed by the entry of Duke Mantee and his gang, decked out with revolvers and machine guns and the other trappings of their profession. They are flying for the Mexican border after a jail break in Oklahoma City and drop in for a bite of lunch and to wait for Duke's blonde lady friend, who is following in another car.

Things start to happen thick and fast and the whole second scene is intensely dramatic. Under the influence of Duke and his machine gun the characters start to make some remarkable autobiographical disclosures and there is considerable gun play. Realizing his love for Gabby and his opportunity to make a noble exit from this jumbled life, Squire assigns to the girl his life insurance policy, his only asset, and makes Mantee promise to shoot him through the heart before he leaves, which Mantee cheerfully agrees to do. After all what's a bullet between friends?

Meanwhile the police are in hot pursuit and reports on their progress are coming in on the radio. Finally they surround the building and, in a thrilling climax, Mantee and his gang shoot their way to freedom, pausing long enough to carry out the promise to Squire.

It is excellent entertainment, with plenty of fine writing to boot, and Leslie Howard gives a wonderful performance. It is not difficult to understand why this engaging player is the most popular actor in America. His acting is so effortless and unobtrusive that, were it not for the relentless grip that he maintains on your mind and emotions, you would swear he wasn't acting at all. Like Sir Gerald du Maurier, his characterizations are all restraint and subtlety and devoid of theatrical gestures and facial contortions. It's too bad that such things aren't more contagious. Peggy Conklin, after a winter of pleasant 'bundling' with Francis Lederer in *Pursuit of Happiness* shows that she is capable of much better things than sugar and sweetness, and Humphrey Bogart is almost too convincing for comfort, as the gangster.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE is little wrong with S. N. Behrman's latest play *Rain From Heaven* either. Behrman is in a class by himself when it comes to writing brilliant and intelligent dialogue; and it's really intelligent, not just a series of clever wise-cracks such as those indulged in by Mr. Coward, which depend on their sophistication to hide their emptiness. It is one of those plays in which practically nothing happens and yet you're sitting on the edge of your seat with your ears pricked up the whole time. This phenomenon results partly from the playwright's uncanny gift for writing absorbing dialogue and partly from Jane Cowl's superb comedy performance as Lady Wingate, a charming and understanding English lady if ever there was one. She and her guests talk about Germany, the Nazis, capitalism

and other topics arising out of the changing social and economic order, and it's all very much like listening to a group of interesting people conversing for several hours, except that it's much more interesting. I'm glad that Miss Cowl has abandoned those distracting gestures she used to affect and, now that you can get a good look at her, she is a very enchanting person.

\* \* \*

I AM sorry that I wasn't particularly impressed with *Dodsworth*, which has had such a successful career. This adaption of the Sinclair Lewis novel is undoubtedly a well-written play, but I couldn't find anything in it to get excited about. The numerous short scenes, fourteen in all, were especially irritating and most of them were neither dramatic nor distinguished. As you probably know it is a story about an American millionaire and his wife who is determined to have a fling in Europe. You see her flinging on board an ocean liner, in London, Paris, Berlin—in fact she flings in nearly all the principal cities of Europe. It's a most stimulating lesson in geography but not particularly interesting from the standpoint of drama. However you will have a chance to judge for yourselves, for I understand it's on its way to Canada. Let me hasten to add that the play is worth going to for Walter Huston's performance alone. His playing of the lonely and understanding Dodsworth is one of the finest things you'll ever see.

BRIAN DOHERTY

#### DUMB LIPS

Dumb lips  
That fain would speak and cannot,—  
Better so!  
The sluices are too small,  
And the torrent waters rushing forth  
Would break the dam.

Ah, but also they might free the river!

DIANA SKALA.

#### RONDEL

The embers are now cold and grey,  
Nor all your breath can turn them red.  
The starlit charm of night has fled  
From your dark eyes, and far away  
Eros' voice, at break of day,  
In mocking, laughing accents said,  
"The embers now are cold and grey,  
Nor all your breath can turn them red."

"Such love as this must last away,  
Whispered my lips, while hours sped;  
But now that love is still and dead,  
They chant this single, mournful lay—  
"The embers now are cold and grey,  
Nor all your breath can turn them red."

BERTON E. ROBINSON



#### MISCELLANY

MR. ROBERT GRAVES must have some sort of record for the diversity of the books he has written. *I, Claudius* (Geo. J. Macleod, \$2.50) is the last in a line that included his poems, *Good-bye to All That*, a life of T. E. Lawrence and a revised Dickens. This breadth of interest is, in itself, neither admirable nor reprehensible, nor even very significant. If his versatility is to have any meaning, the books must be able to stand by themselves. In the case of *I, Claudius*, there is the complication that the present volume is to have a sequel, *Claudius the God*. It is charitable, then, to regard *I, Claudius* as the former half of a greater whole.

Considered as a work complete in itself, the book has serious defects. Concerned as it is with the fortunes of the Claudian line, it introduces too many characters and attempts to deal with nothing less than the whole Roman Empire as a background. It becomes a chronicle rather than a novel. And a chronicle, whatever the glitter of its descriptions, almost inevitably sacrifices any sustained interest. Mr. Graves has put together the raw material for a novel, but he has not gone beyond that. He might have profited by reading Nils Petersen's *The Street of the Sandal-Makers*. In that book, background was never allowed to intrude upon the essential action.

One further criticism which must remain a matter of personal opinion. It is agreed that Rome, after the death of Augustus, was in its decadence. But Mr. Graves has 'gone all out' for the quite unverified scandals related by Tacitus and Suetonius. He is hereby referred to a shrewd and skeptical essay, 'Tiberius', by Norman Douglas, in that author's *Siren Land*. For it is Tiberius who suffers most at the hands of Mr. Graves, and with least justice. It leaves in the reader's mind a suspicion that Mr. Graves has sometimes confused the historic with the merely sensational.

To leap from the first century to the twentieth, Agnes Rogers and F. L. Allen present in *Metropolis* (Harpers; \$3.50) one of the successors to Claudius' Rome. This is a book of excellent photographs, with a 'running comment', chosen to illustrate the life of New York. Mr. Allen will be remembered as the author of *Only Yesterday*. With Miss Rogers, he compiled *The American Procession*. *Metropolis* is a study in contemporary anthropology, from 'Pullman apartments' to the Empire State Building, from the lower East Side to charity balls and the Opera. More than three-quarters of the photographs were specially taken for this book by Edward Weyer, a professional photographer who is also an anthropologist and explorer. Everything about *Metropolis* deserves high praise, except the cover, which is quite hideous.



No list of recent publications is complete without at least passing reference to the one-volume edition of *The Science of Life* (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 1514; \$3.75). This is the book H. G. Wells wrote in collaboration with his son, G. P. Wells, and with Julian Huxley. The present reissue is offered as a sound and interesting summary of the biological sciences, as a work worth reading and worth keeping. The early twentieth century is fortunate in having Mr. Wells as its school-master, whether in history, in economics or in biology.

A reviewer's life would be happier if there were more books like Mr. Brooks Atkinson's *The Cingalese Prince* (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; \$2.50). Mr. Atkinson is the dramatic critic for the *New York Times*, and his book is the record of a trip around the world on the freighter 'Cingalese Prince'. It deserves comparison with Tomlinson's *Tidemarks* and *The Sea and the Jungle*. Besides being a 'philosopher's day-book', it is a fresh side-light on the state of our modern world. The 'Cingalese Prince' leaves New York with only a small cargo, since international trade has declined. Yet cotton has still to go from southern ports to Japan, and coconut-oil and rattan have to be brought back to the United States. The world has not stopped working. The crew of the freighter, whose business on earth is to minister to that ceaseless activity, afford Mr. Atkinson food for thought. He is uneasy at finding that they look back to the war as a good time, a holiday from toil. Quite another sort of toilers are the brown stevedores of Java. He notes that they sing while moving the heavy bags of sugar and that the song is carefully synchronized with the efforts of their muscles. They make a ritual-dance of their labour, and, a strange and hopeful thing, the rhythm is the measure of their efficiency. In Chinese ports, where the coolies do not sing, nor even smile, the work goes forward far more clumsily. China, in fact, is altogether a struggling and quarrelsome nation. Even a berth for a sampan involves a fight. Mr. Atkinson is glad to find himself at sea again, after Shanghai.

The book is recommended for its keen observation, for its fresh thinking and for honest writing. Let us not omit 'The Baron'. He came aboard in California, and earned his nickname for the generous conception of his anecdotes. A mysterious man. Mr. Atkinson never discovered why he could not go back to his native Switzerland, where he got all the money he had once had, or what he had done with it now. He watched him crawl through the pantry-hatch for a bottle of beer at midnight, after a day of mighty potatoes. He saw him turn up for a hearty breakfast next morning. He met him ashore in Japanese hotels and finally he saw the last of him aboard the freighter. In a way, 'The Baron' was typical of all that Mr. Atkinson discovered, or re-discovered, in the course of his circumnavigation, from his departure from New York until his return. Less superficially 'profound' than Tomlinson, Mr. Atkinson writes a more alert and nervous prose. In this book, if nowhere else, the decline of the essay-form has been temporarily arrested. A read-

ing of *The Cingalese Prince* suggests that what was wrong with that form may have been matter rather than manner. Mr. Atkinson writes well, but in addition he has chosen a subject worthy of his gift.

\* \* \*

'WHAT all the world wants,' Mr. Tomlinson concluded, 'is bromide, and a week in bed.' The occasion of this reflection was the opening of the World Economic Conference. He had been asked to report the findings of that body. Instead, and it was characteristic of Mr. Tomlinson, he went to Spain. In *South to Cadiz* (Mussn; pp. 195; \$2.50) he records the journey.

The cynical young people who write cynical young books, the abiding hurt of the war, the incomprehensible paradoxes of modern economics and the vague menace of whatever he means by America—all these puzzle Mr. Tomlinson, and sometimes they muddy his writings. Thus, in the Alhambra,

'As we looked at the historic marble in puzzled silence . . . a smiling Spaniard helped us out. Why should not Mr. Ford, he suggested, celebrate the solemn floor by putting one of his cars there, on show?

'Why not? . . . Our activities since the Arabs were sent packing from Europe, though they have added America to the map and have replaced its Arawaks and Caribs with engines, a Negro problem, and millions of people for whom no work will ever be found because of the ingenuity of machinery, seem to have taken us no further, except by the clock.'

As thinking, and as writing, this is somewhat short of reasonable intelligence. It is the more irritating because, at his best, Mr. Tomlinson is quite another man. In this sunnier mood he can see that, 'if all the conferences fail, and we come down to the condition of peasants persuading the earth to yield corn and oil, we shall still be able to keep the best that men have done, for economically it is valueless, though without it we should have no music and no levity.'

And there was much in Spain worth going far to see.

'A girl resting one hand on the flank of a cow, watched us with upturned face from a field. She remained as still while our modern engine thundered past as the weathered rock by which her animal was grazing. Her eyes were as tranquil as the past, though as animating as the surprise of close good fortune. They who can wait because the day is their own stand with the nonchalance of that girl. The cow was white and had a black nose.'

As for the revolution:

'Spaniards, I suspect, are a patient, tolerant and good-humoured people, though I do not pretend to know them. Spain does not suggest a revolution which would completely change it. We could not find that her recent change had more in it than the shrewdness of Sancho.'

Despite the earlier prescription, perhaps what the world, and Mr. Tomlinson, needed was sherry drunk in the shadow of its own casks, and a week in Spain rather than in bed.

*South to Cadiz* includes two short essays, 'Sea Light', in praise of ocean travel, and 'The Road to Concord'. The latter is Mr. Tomlinson on Thoreau, and therefore worth attention.

W. A. B.

## LEAGUE AND COMMONWEALTH

A SHORT HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1920-1934, by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 351; 7/6).

THE THIRD BRITISH EMPIRE; third edition, by Alfred Zimmern (Oxford University Press; xii, 192; 6/-).

WHERE THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS STANDS TODAY, by Quincy Wright (University of Minnesota Press; pp. 25; 25 cents).

MR. Gathorne-Hardy's book is published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and is an attempt to bring within 351 pages a history of international affairs since the war. It is written by a European—a preoccupation with Europe, probably justified, is evident throughout; an Englishman—the references to President Wilson and the United States of America would indicate that; a Conservative—as witness the views of the Empire and of Russia; and one who has been trained in the political rather than the economic tradition of history. Having said that one hastens to add that the author is honesty itself and the fact that his book is so much the expression of a tolerant English Conservative with a European outlook gives it its chief value. Without this personal element with which to agree, or to take issue, it would be a mere collection of rather dull facts. It is divided into three parts—'The Period of Settlement, 1920-25', 'The Period of Fulfilment, 1925-30', 'The Period of Crisis, 1930-34'. In chapter one, in the words of Lord Eustace Percy, who writes the foreword, the author 'states clearly his estimate of the direction taken by the policies of statesmen in the Peace settlement. It is not the only estimate that can be put forward; indeed it is not the one most commonly put forward by writers on these subjects', and he goes on in the succeeding chapters to set out the facts of the succeeding years, and to present the issues of the present. This chapter, after describing the world of the peace settlement, concludes in the following words: 'Such was the situation which the idealism of the world and the eloquence of the American President had created,'—assisted we presume by a certain number of more fundamental causes and four years of bloody war resulting from those causes.

The statement on page 62 that the chief reason for the rejection of the Geneva Protocol of 1934 'lay undoubtedly in the attitude of the British overseas Dominions' may be true in fact, but no proofs of this are forthcoming, while there are evidences that the Dominions are prepared to go further and faster than some governments in Great Britain, as witness their respective stands on the Optional Clause, the control of armaments and the views of South Africa and the Irish Free State on the Manchurian crisis. The statement, too, on page 114, that the Dominions, though protesting, responded to Lloyd George's call for assistance in the Chanak affair is certainly putting it strongly in the case of South Africa and Canada, not to mention the then unborn Irish Free State. These and other state-

ments are obviously matters on which opinions differ, but as already stated they but add interest to a valuable contribution to the study of international affairs. The concluding pages, in which the author sums up the conflict between those who believe that war is inevitable, and that the best we can do is to prolong peace, and those who believe that the world does possess the courage and cohesion essential to peace, is unusually good.

Professor Zimmern's book has been reviewed before in its earlier editions and there is little to add to those reviews. It is an admirable essay on the present British Empire by a most adroit student of the subject. Interestingly enough, his conclusions regarding Quebec, on pages 54 and 55, which he partly disavows in his subsequent footnote, have found support in the past few days in the statements of Premier Taschereau regarding Mr. Bennett. The description of the Empire as an Entente with fewer ties than the Little Entente is apt but hardly reassuring to our 'Colonials', or, as they prefer to be called, Imperialists. While the statement on page 59 that 'the theory of the crown as a bond is at bottom simply a theory of the Empire as a group of independent states which happen to be ruled by the same constitutional monarch, like Great Britain and the Netherlands under William and Mary of Great Britain and Hanover under the Georges', even with its qualifying footnote, will cause some of them acute anguish.

The concluding section on 'Empire and Nationality' is particularly interesting, possibly because of the editor's evident admiration for the Scotch, as expressed on pages 178-9. But apart from this the whole hypothesis that 'the English are the people who have most completely solved the problem of nationality, because they have most completely divorced it from politics', does seem unusually good sense.

The League of Nations, interestingly enough, finds in the United States some of its warmest and most intelligent supporters. Quincy Wright is one of these, and his lecture on 'Where the League Stands Today',—No. 9 in the Day and Hour series of the University of Minnesota—is excellent. It contains a record of the League's achievements in membership, in budget, in conventions concluded, in treaties registered, in the attendance of Prime Ministers and others of Cabinet rank, in the press, in the books written about it, and in humanitarian, economic, legal and political objectives. His conclusions, too, that for many years the League must rely upon public opinion as its main sanction, thereby achieving the probability of universality, is interesting and probably sound. This, together with Clarence K. Streit's (The Geneva Correspondent of the *New York Times*) article which appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* on January 14th, 1934, and was reproduced by the Carnegie Endowment in International Conciliation Pamphlet No. 298, are two of the most encouraging statements relating to the League that have appeared.

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ADDRESSES AT THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICS (National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s; pp. 39; 60 cents).

THE addresses delivered at the 1934 sessions of the Canadian Institute of Economics and Politics constitute an interesting contribution to the understanding of contemporary problems. The lecturers are authorities on their subjects and present their views clearly and in non-technical language. They cover a wide range in a brief space, and it is to be regretted that some of the addresses are reported in outline only.

Mr. Maxwell Stewart's objective analysis of the New Deal in the United States, its achievements and its defects, is admirable. He wisely warns against too simple a faith in the efficacy of monetary measures, and against the danger of restriction of production, but justly points out that the New Deal has created a new liberalism in the United States, recognizing the necessity of protecting the weaker elements in society. It is also often forgotten that, notwithstanding inevitable theoretical and practical defects, President Roosevelt's policies have introduced a new and much-needed sense of social obligations in his country.

Miss Irene Biss, of the University of Toronto, presents a clear analysis of the Canadian economic problem. Our whole economy is geared to the production of primary commodities, which has required the building up of elaborate and costly capital equipment, fixed and durable in character. The rigid character of the capital equipment is reflected

in an equally rigid set of financial commitments, which, combined with the use of tariffs and with fixed prices in the sheltered home market, gives us a highly inflexible economic structure. The national income, on the other hand, dependent to a large extent upon the returns from the sales of our staple products to advanced industrial countries, fluctuates widely and in an unpredictable manner. 'The people of Canada are caught between a violently fluctuating income and inflexible expenses. This is serious enough, but it is made far more serious by the fact that the resulting depression falls with very unequal weight upon different groups in the community. Such groups as the Western grain growers who depend for their incomes directly on the magnitude of their crops, and the price which they can realize in an overseas market, are exposed to the full fury of the economic storm and suffer in a manner much more than disproportionately severe. Other groups, entrenched behind a tariff wall, or in a sufficiently strong bargaining position to maintain the prices of their products or their services, suffer a much less severe contraction of income.' Hence the prolonged disequilibrium in our economic organism.

Miss Biss indicates our dependence upon foreign trade and foreign finance, and points out that a policy of economic self-sufficiency for Canada would demand an impossibly high price. She urges the creation of a central planning authority 'to assume the responsibility for surveying resources, needs and methods, and directing and co-ordinating economic activities accordingly.' It is true, as Miss Biss says, that 'it is as necessary to have a balanced economy as it is to have a balanced industrial plant, and this cannot be achieved by addition here and subtraction there without reference to the needs of the whole structure.' But the introduction of such conscious national planning in Canada faces almost insuperable political and economic obstacles.

Professor F. A. Knox, of Queen's University, discusses monetary policies, and objects to tying the Canadian dollar to either the gold group or to the sterling group, because neither step would presently assure the general exchange stability which is the chief advantage of any international standard. Canada's economic life requires an elastic monetary policy and continual control. Dr. Knox recommends that for such control the Bank of Canada be supplemented by an agency for the control of capital investments in Canada, and by the creation of an exchange stabilization fund. His views merit serious consideration.

Professor W. H. Drummond contributes a thorough study of the wheat situation and the difficulties confronting the Natural Products Marketing Act. Professor F. R. Scott discusses constitutional problems; Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the political outlook of Canada; Professor Frank Underhill, 'Canada and the Next War'; and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, 'Objectives and Methods in Social Reconstruction'.

The Canadian Institute of Economics and Politics has set a high standard in its deliberations of 1934. It deserves the thanks of the Canadian people.

H. CARL GOLDENBERG.



## AFTER THE GIANTS

THE METAPHYSICAL POETS: DONNE, HERBERT VAUGHAN, TRAEHERNE, by J. B. Leishman (Oxford University Press; pp. 232; \$3.00).

I was at college when George Saintsbury died, and I listened a trifle rebelliously to my Tutor's lamentations that the death of Saintsbury, after that of W. P. Ker, marked the passing of the giants of English literary criticism. At the time I rebelled because Saintsbury's criticisms had always left me gasping for wind. This was not because his facts were occasionally questionable, but rather because the personality of the critic, his sturdy partialities and exuberant avowal of them took for the moment both breath and judgment from the reader. For the moment only, however; to read the volumes of contemporary criticism, detailed and meticulous as Saintsbury rarely was, obtrudes a striking and discouraging contrast. Saintsbury's very dogmatism sends the reader hot from criticism to original work, his mind alert to attack the original for itself.

A book like this study of four of the 'Metaphysical' poets by Mr. (or Miss) Leishman has precisely the opposite effect. The work is sound and within certain narrow limits thorough; it contains a large number of illustrations and the reader closes it feeling that nothing can remain to be said. The book, therefore, may be welcomed by the harassed or lazy student, but its result is one that can never be gravely enough deplored for it signals the failure of any critic's primary aim—to secure a fairer hearing for his author.

That the reviewer may give Mr. Leishman a fair hearing, let him praise the attention that is paid, particularly in the section on Traherne, to the philosophical background of these writers and be grateful for extensive extracts from authors like Pico della Mirandola. It is satisfactory, also, to find that the poems which are quoted are for the most part presented in full so that the student who confines himself to this book will at least know of his authors more than the plums.

But the gaps in the solid-seeming structure do not long evade the attention. Mr. Leishman claims that his work is to serve as an introduction to the poets, but an introduction should present its subject in just proportion. In his study of Donne, the critic might advantageously have noted the remarkable links, in words and imagery as well as in thought that connect the religious poems and prose of John with the earlier secular writing of Jack Donne. An affectionate study of Herbert claims for this poet the sense of humour that has not always been accorded him. But Mr. Leishman surely misses an important quality in the lighter side of Herbert when he does not emphasize the conscious 'conceited' quality wherein we see the courtier still surviving in the cleric. He fails to call attention to the fantastic shapes, the pillars, bows and butterflies in which Herbert wrote verses, and also to the shrewd observation with which this humour can be coupled:

'Then came brave Glorie puffing by  
In silks that whistled.'

Mr. Leishman contends, with some truth, that

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'the main stream of the national life does not seem to flow through this literature as it flows through that of the preceding age', but occasionally he stresses unnecessarily this isolation. He notes the influence of Randolph in Henry Vaughan's first volume of poems; there are also slight but interesting traces of acquaintance with the 1645 volume of Milton's poems and in particular with 'L'Allegro'. Vaughan's lines on the statesman:

'Yet dig'd the Mole, and lest his ways be found  
Workt under ground'

may, incidentally, be a reminiscence either conscious or unconscious of *Hamlet*.

But details neither chiefly make nor mar this book. Perhaps Mr. Leishman keeps too tight a hold on himself, refusing to quote passages simply because they give him aesthetic happiness. It is frankly appalling to find how the passion with which Donne nearly always, the others very often wrote is hardly mentioned, never conveyed. The magnificence both of conception and of expression in the prose of Donne's sermons is meagrely treated. Perhaps after all, Mr. Leishman is to be thanked, for the reviewer at least is driven back to read the works themselves and to discover again his own reasons for delight. But now he is going for the sake of escape, and not of conflict, to regain the *aethera* before the Cocytus of this criticism shall engulf his faculties. Let the final gasp be the words of one of the most invigorating of English critics, John Dryden: 'Theirs was the Giant race before the flood.'

E. B. S.

## HAPHAZARD ZIGZAG

FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION 1814-1914, by Bertrand Russell (Geo. J. McLeod; pp. viii, 471; \$4.00).

**F**REEDOM versus Organization 1814-1914 purports to 'trace the main cause of political change during the hundred years from 1814 to 1914'. It is not quite clear why the arbitrary dates were chosen, since the lives of the great men of the nineteenth century, whose story in the main this volume portrays, might well have taken place in any other age, so badly does the author integrate his heroes into their environment. History, and heroes in particular, gives Mr. Russell an opportunity to retail historical gossip, to exhibit trivial and banal wit, and to moralize in good English fashion on the shortcomings of the nineteenth century. From moralizing upon historical events, Russell moves but a short step to personifying virtues and evils, and to platitudinizing in general. It might be added that *Freedom versus Organization 1814-1914* is, in the main, a composite of secondary authorities, some of which are of rather ancient vintage.

The theme of the book zigzags from the Congress of Vienna to the British Philosophical Radicals, to trade unionism, and to socialism. Then follows in order the history of the United States, the rise of nationalism in Italy and Germany, imperialism, and lastly, the origins of the war. The author attempts to unify this apparently haphazard zigzag by stating that 'the purpose of this book is to trace the opposition and interaction of two main causes of change [*sic!* change?] in the nineteenth century; the belief in *freedom* which was common to Liberals and Radicals, and the necessity of *organization* which arose through industrial and scientific technique.' This idea is interesting enough, but not clearly shown, owing to the disconnection and lack of synthesis in the book. This disconnection and lack of synthesis grow out of the author's theory as to the causes of change, which he believes consist of three kinds—economic technique, political theory, and important individuals, none of which can be ignored or 'explained away as an effect of causes of other kinds'. Now, although Bertrand Russell specifically repudiates the great-man theory of history, his book belies his words. The chapters on political heroes, especially, and even some of those on economic technique, become practically the great-man theory of history. For example, his account of the industrial concentration in the United States in the latter part of the nineteenth century is the tale of the exploits of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and similar characters. Furthermore, the impression arises from Russell's account of the origins of the war that the Kaiser's hatred for England, in good allied war-time propagandist style, was an all-important factor in the cause of the war. Nowhere are the heroes, the political theorists, and the economic technique clearly linked with each other and with the sum total of social relations at a given moment.

The weakness of the book is due to that very lack of a sociological view of history with which Mr.

Russell disagrees. The sociological view of history *does* take into account the importance of the unique individual, not in an intellectual, economic, and sociological vacuum, as Mr. Russell sometimes seems to put his heroes, but in a particular set of conditions at a particular period of history. The exponents of this theory would agree that Bismarck was decisive for the unification of Germany in the way it was carried out, but they would emphasize that other important factors were in his favour—an efficient army with able leaders, industrialists in accord in a general way with his aim, and the failure of other methods to achieve the unification of Germany. Had Bismarck been at the height of his powers a generation before the 1860's, when the objective conditions existing in the later period did not obtain in an earlier one, and had he attempted to unify Germany as he later did, he would have failed. In other words, a great leader must have a situation which is independent of his will, generally in his favour. Mr. Russell's failure to comprehend the sociological theory of history leads him to perpetrate this intellectual snobbery on the Marxian theory of history. He writes:

History can be viewed in many ways, and many formulae can be invented which cover enough of the ground to seem adequate if the facts are carefully selected. I suggest, without undue solemnity, the following alternative theory of the causation of the Industrial Revolution: industrialism is due to modern science, modern science is due to Galileo, Galileo is due to Copernicus, Copernicus is due to the Renaissance, the Renaissance is due to the fall of Constantinople, the fall of Constantinople is due to the migration of the Turks, the migration of the Turks is due to the dessication of Central Asia. Therefore the fundamental study in the search for historical cause is hydrography.

The puerility of these remarks is only exceeded by that of his own theory of history:

The monarchs, and "that base and bloody tool of tyranny, Wm. Pitt", tried to destroy the French Revolution, and instead produced Napoleon. Napoleon tried to destroy Prussia, but produced Fichte, who led to Bismarck. Bismarck by trying to destroy France, made the *revanche* inevitable; and the *revanche* led to Hitler. Perhaps a lofty morality, backed by bayonets, is not the best way of advancing human happiness.

History gives Mr. Russell an opportunity to show off his weak, trite, and allegedly witty remarks, of which the 'hydrographic' example above is only one of too many instances. Another example must suffice: Metternich was very conceited, in fact, he 'is indeed almost unique, since Little Jack Horner there has been no one to equal him'. *Freedom versus Organization* also reveals that detestable habit of sermonizing. For instance, Alexander I of Russia was 'rather too well dressed', and 'undoubtedly Talleyrand was a scamp, but he did less harm than many a man of impeccable rectitude'. It is but a short distance from Mr. Russell's lofty moral attitude to the personification of evil in history, and hence history becomes for Mr. Russell, in part at least, a conflict of great moral principles. Imperialism, he maintains, is not a mere outgrowth of capitalism, but is due to greed. Moreover, 'in politics, there are powerful forces other than self-interest, but in the main they are worse: they are the forces of envy, pugnacity, cruelty, and love of domination'.

Despite all these weaknesses, the story of the British Philosophical Radicals and the section on Morgan, Vanderbilt, and the other 'Robber Barons' are generally good. In fact, the parts on social history are superior to those on political history, but all parts are vitiated by the slender connection with their environment.

Those who are still dazzled by the great name of Bertrand Russell, who are interested in political gossip and intrigue, and can abide strained wit and tiresome moralizing, may like this book, but to the serious student *Freedom versus Organization 1814-1914* is but another compilation of secondary sources relating to the nineteenth century.

NORMAN PENLINGTON.

### CONVERSATION PIECE

THE ART OF WALTER SICKERT, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press; pp. 28; 1/6).

VIRGINIA WOOLF, who, in company with Osbert Sitwell, believes fine writing to be still an art and who firmly but gently pursues style in language down a score of paths, did, as we all know, long ago solve, in *Jacob's Room*, the problem of how to write a novel without telling a story. The daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen has now managed, with equal skill and literary beauty, to converse intelligently on painting, without mentioning tonal relations or the philosophy of aesthetics, that is, she has written about a painter, without telling you how he paints.

As art criticism, these delicious phrases are a trifle, but as an essay, born from the flitting wisdom of a dinner table conversation on colour in Brazil and elsewhere, with a few memories of Richard Sickert thrown in for flavour, they are superb. They will lead those who obtain high stimulation from purely formal relations of design to reflect that, for the literary-minded, the hint of a story, the revelation of a personality, that the man with the brush may indicate by a grouping of heads, by a touch of colour on a cheek, or by the way he lets light fall through a window on a hand raised to a forehead, must always call up a world of reflection that has little to do with the more austere joys that others obtain from the subtle geometrical landscapes of Paul Nash or the still-life of Picasso.

That Sickert should be, in this sense, a 'literary' painter, however, does not mean that he is an illustrator. He does not delineate in painting, things written; he has his own poetry of description and it is almost wholly visual. The psychology of a face, the history of a person, is hinted at, but never directly expressed by the painter's brush. Words, on the other hand, are too definite, even for one, who, like Virginia Woolf, tries to paint in prose. When she attempts too strongly for atmosphere, she trips on the logic of speech. In this essay, she admits it herself. She writes of that region of feeling that is indicated by an artist's brush, something she sees in painting, but which she can never turn round and describe in conversation to a friend. In painting, there is a realm of silence denied to literature.

DONALD BUCHANAN.

### QUEBEC UNCHANGED

MARIA CHAPDELAIN, by Louis Hémon, translated by W. H. Blake (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 288; \$1.00).

THE first appearance of *Maria Chapdelaine* in any cheap edition is in the Modern Library. Mr. Hugh Eayrs contributes an introduction, in which he recalls that the Blake translation of Louis Hémon's novel was the first title to be published when he took over the conduct of the Macmillan Company of Canada, in 1921.

The book has an interesting history. Louis Hémon was born in Brest, in 1880. The career in law and diplomacy which had been planned for him he renounced in favour of writing. He turned up in London, where he married, and wrote a collection of short stories, *La Belle que Voilà*, and a novel of English life, *Lizzie Blakeston*. His wife died in 1911, and he resumed his wandering, this time to Canada. His knowledge of the Lake Saint John country was gained while he was working as a farm labourer, for eight dollars a month. The manuscript of *Maria Chapdelaine* was mailed to the editor of *Le Temps* in Paris, which was to publish the work as a serial. Louis Hémon did not live to see it in print. He was killed by a train in Northern Ontario in the mid-summer of 1913.

There can be no doubt of the wisdom of the present reprint. *Maria Chapdelaine* is a book which will be in perennial demand, as true to its great subject as *My Antonia* and *Growth of the Soil*. As Mr. Eayrs says, 'It is an incomparable picture of Quebec and its people.' That is probably as true today as it was twenty years ago, despite the founding of Arvida and the other changes that have come to the Lake Saint John country. And even if the setting changes the book remains, with hardly a peer in the literature that deals with Canada. It is no longer necessary to praise it; the book itself has seen to that.

W. A. B.





# The International Kaleidoscope

**The Far East.** Having consolidated her gains in Manchuria, Japan has decided to extend her conquests. This month Japanese troops advanced from Jehol into Chahar in Inner Mongolia. Although the fear has arisen that the Japanese will cross the Great Wall and invade Chinese territory, the main significance of the new move seems to be that it bears out the theory that the real conflict in the Far East is between Japan and Russia over Mongolia. Possession of Inner Mongolia will give Japan control of the important Urga-Pelung caravan route between Russia and China, which will enable them to safeguard Manchukuo from the West. The move has been answered by military preparations on the part of the Russians. Russian troops have been concentrated on the Siberian-Mongolian border and, while it is not definitely known whether there are Russian forces active in Mongolia, there are several thousand Mongol troops there, trained and equipped by the Soviet, who would be ready to resist Japanese advances into Inner Mongolia.

The excuse for the incident, argued by the Japanese, was that there had been a violation of the neutrality arrangements affecting the border; in actual fact it is undoubtedly an extension of Japan's imperialism in the Far East. The advance into Chahar was preceded by Foreign Minister Hirota's statement that Japan considered herself the 'stabilizing force' in the Far East and implied that Great Britain and the States would be assuming an unjustifiable air of moral superiority if they resented the move. At any rate, the consolidation and extension of Japanese conquests will prove a severe strain upon the Stinson doctrine of non-recognition of situations brought about by means contrary to the Pact of Paris and the intentions of the nations which have refused to recognize Manchukuo, and will also make exceedingly difficult any action to restrain Japan.

**France and Italy.** On January 7th, France and Italy concluded a treaty with the ostensible objectives of guaranteeing the independence of Austria and the peace of Central Europe, and settling long standing differences between the two nations in Africa. It was agreed that France and Italy should consult in case of threats to Austrian independence and recommended that Italy, Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Austria, and later France, Roumania and Poland, should sign treaties of non-intervention in each other's affairs and respect of each other's territorial integrity. France and Italy also agreed to oppose the pro-

cess of unilateral—i.e., German—rearmament and determined that, if it should take place, they would consult. As regards Africa, the agreement settles the status of Italians in Tunis, gives Italy a large tract of land south of Libya and also control of the southern entrance to the Red Sea.

The concessions to Italy in Africa give her an outlet for the expansion which she desires and will consequently modify substantially her desire for treaty revision in Europe. The arrangements in Europe indicate that the gap between Italy and Jugo-Slavia and the Little Entente has been bridged, the peace of Central Europe may be reinforced, and it is possible that the trade agreements made last year between Italy, Austria and Hungary may be extended to the Little Entente. Apart from this, the treaty accentuates rather than alleviates the fundamental clash in Europe between France and Germany, revisionists and anti-revisionists. In return for concessions in Africa which liquidate many of her revisionist claims, Italy has in effect agreed to support France and the *status quo*. If she retains this intention, it will indicate that the French system in European politics, weakened by the loss of Poland will be strengthened by the accession of Italy.

**Italy and Abyssinia.** Touching upon Italian, British and French Somaliland Abyssinia is not unnaturally coveted by over-crowded European powers, and since December there have been a number of border incidents over a disputed boundary between Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland. The chief encoun-

ter was between troops from the two countries at Ualal, a place which the Abyssinians claim to be sixty miles within their territory, and the Italians forty miles within theirs. The Abyssinians protested and the Italians demanded an apology. Finally, the former appealed to the League, under Article XI, on January 3rd. In spite of various attempts to suppress the case, it was urged so persistently at Geneva by the Abyssinian representative that, although it did not receive a hearing before the Council, Italy was persuaded to back down on her refusal to arbitrate and to agree to negotiate on the basis of the Italo-Abyssinian treaties of 1928. The smaller country won a moral victory, but in view of the apparent intentions of France and Italy to parcel out Africa, a material gain for the Abyssinians is scarcely probable.

**The Saar.** The plebiscite passed off with relatively little violence, 90 per cent. of the votes cast favouring a return of the territory to Germany, a majority which was too heavy to be attributed essentially to Nazi propaganda or terrorism. The territory will be formally handed back to the Reich on March 1st, the date set by the League Council, when it will become part of the de-militarized German border zone. The Nazis have, however, virtually assumed the administration of the Saar already, as the desperate flight of Socialists, Communists and other anti-Nazis testifies. The return of the Saar has been regarded as a contribution to the settlement of the European problem, and steps have been initiated to secure the return of Germany to the League.



## LABOUR CONDITIONS

The Editor, *THE CANADIAN FORUM*:  
Sir:

You will be astonished to know that the first intimation this citizen of the U.S.A. had to the effect that the U.S.A. had become affiliated with the International Labour Office of the League of Nations was through reading Mr. Eastman's article in your December issue. Although a close reader of several daily papers, today is the first time I have seen any mention of such affiliation in the newspaper (by Rep. Tinkham of Mass.).

My reason for writing you is Mr. Eastman's statement that "Things (labour conditions) have been worst

where legislation was least, e.g., in the U.S.A."

It is this sort of misrepresentation which the U.S.A. has to expect when becoming an equal voter with the very small and backward nations, whose antiquity may go back to Noah, but whose social and economic importance may not be the equal of that of our smallest state. It might be appropriate to say here, that the entrance of the U.S.A. into the League of Nations or its World Court probably would not be so sought after, were we to have the 48 votes which our states should be entitled to.

The great tide of emigration from Europe to our shores in recent decades, and the friction with Japan because our

citizens did not wish to have their living standards lowered by competition with a flood of coolie labour, are proofs of the advantage of industrial labouring conditions in the U.S.A. before the limitations of the gold standard upset the balance of trade and brought depression to the U.S.A.

The subject of living standards abroad has been fully treated by a Columbia professor investigating Japan, also treated in *American Standards of Living*, by Rosalie Jones of New York.

While no one can deny that there are certain 'plague spots' in all countries, including the U.S.A., where some labour is on a basis similar to peonage (an old Mexican custom; by the way, is Mexico in the League?) I call your attention to the ratio of total industrial wages to total price of factory output in 1929, at about 11 billion dollars to 70 billion dollars, which has been approximately maintained over many past years in the U.S.A. As the cost-of-living factor is contained in the factory price, that gives a very fair idea of the ratio of wage purchasing power.

Consulting the 1931 Year Book of the International Labour Office, the most recent on file in our Milwaukee Public Library, I have compiled the enclosed statement for the year 1930, using the index numbers most comparable for the countries named.\* I do not see how subsequent reports could show a great difference in the ranking.

Although Mr. Eastman's statement in its effect toward retarding a flow of

\*Ranking List of Nations, showing Wage-Purchasing Power Index Number, obtained by dividing the 1930 Wage Index of each nation by the Cost of Living Index thereof, based on a pre-war par value. Figures obtained from 1931 Year Book of International Labour Office of the League of Nations, and using those which are most comparable.

Rank	Nation	1930 Wage Index and Comparable Class	Living Cost 1930	Net
1.	Australia .....	191—Men unskilled and skilled, hourly rate	99	193
2.	Canada .....	183—Unskilled hourly rate	99	185
3.	Sweden .....	284—Men skilled and unskilled hourly earnings	164	174
4.	Denmark .....	279—Earnings	165	169
5.	Switzerland .....	242—Man unskilled hourly earnings	159	152
6.	U.S.A. ....	244 Earnings, men unskilled	167	146
7.	Czechoslovakia ..	1016—Men and women hourly min. rates, chiefly skilled	748	136
8.	France .....	759—Rates, chiefly skilled	572	132
9.	Finland .....	1379—Earnings, skilled and unskilled	1128	122
10.	Poland .....	119—Unskilled, daily rates, industrial	98	122
11.	Latvia .....	116—Unskilled, daily rates, industrial	100	116
12.	Italy .....	103—Men and women skilled and unskilled, earnings	91	113
13.	Estonia .....	114—Earnings, skilled and unskilled	104	109
14.	New Zealand...	167—Men skilled and unskilled min. weekly rates	157	106
15.	Germany .....	107—Rates	149	72
16.	Rumania .....	2764—Earnings, monthly, men and women, skilled and unskilled	4217	66
17.	Great Britain and Ireland...	99—Weekly rates, men and women, skilled and unskilled	157	63
18.	Japan .....	96—Rates, skilled and unskilled	153	62

February, 1935.

# Enjoy the Best Tea

# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

labour to the U.S.A. should be welcome to our labour organizations, I would appreciate information as to what factual basis Mr. Eastman has for the statement above quoted.

Yours, etc.,

T. E. BREWSTER.

Milwaukee, Wis.

*Editor's Note.—Dr. Eastman has the complete records of the International Labour Office at his disposal and his statement is presumably based upon them. Mexico is a member of the League.*

## BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

## CANADIAN

A PLANNED NATIONALISM, by E. S. Bates (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 171; \$2.50).

WOODSWORTH; SOCIAL PIONEER, by Olive Ziegler (Ontario Publishing Company; pp. 202; \$2.00).

CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, by Marius Barbeau (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 152; \$7.50).

FATHER ABRAHAM, by W. G. Hardy (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 416; \$2.50).

## GENERAL

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN; Vol. III, 1895-1900, by J. L. Garvin (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 632; \$6.00).

WIND FROM THE NORTH, by Joseph O'Neill (Jonathan Cape; pp. 341; 7/6).

LITERARY CRITICISM IN ANTIQUITY, by J. W. H. Atkins (Macmillans in Canada; Vol. I, Greek; pp. xi, 199; \$3.00. Vol. II, Graeco Roman; pp. xi, 363; \$3.00).

WHERE THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS STANDS TODAY, by Quincey Wright (University of Minnesota Press; pp. 25; 25 cents).

FOUR METAPHYSICAL POETS, by Joan Bennett (Cambridge University Press; pp. 135; \$1.75).

ADMINISTRATION OF PLACEMENT INSURANCE IN GERMANY, by Oscar Weigert (Industrial Relations Counselors, New York; pp. 241).

NATIONALITY AND THE PEACE TREATIES, by William O'Sullivan Molony (George Allen and Unwin; pp. 278; \$2.50).

PROBLEMS OF THE NEW CUBA: REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON CUBAN AFFAIRS (Foreign Policy Association, New York; pp. 523; \$3.00).

# The New Testament in New Dress\*

by Eric Gill

in which he explains why we made a modern edition of the Bible



The Frontispiece of St. Mark

\*The New Testament, edited by M. R. James, O.M., assisted by Delia Lyttelton, S.Th. Handset by Messrs. Hague and Gill at Pigotts. Engravings by Eric Gill. The first volume, *St. Matthew and St. Mark*, now ready. Price, \$1.75 bound in cloth. A prospectus may be had post free.

LOOKING at the matter from the point of view of a reader of books, I said to Mr. Dent: 'Why not print a new edition of the Bible in a way that will make it a book to read instead of simply a book to look up a text in?' So we went into the matter. We agreed that what was wanted was a book of ordinary size, not a 'fine edition' suitable only for the glass-case and an occasional excursion on to the drawing-room table (with urgent requests to 'take care' and 'don't turn over the pages too quickly'), and not that kind of book which, owing to its costliness and its 'limited' edition, would never have its pages cut in case it depreciated the value—a book of ordinary size at an ordinary price and unlimited in number, but, at the same time, a book in which quite extra-special care was given to the typesetting and arrangement. After all, we said, why shouldn't the Bible, the Gospels, be printed decently, even extra decently? The Doves Press Bible! good Lord! who can afford to buy that? The Nonesuch Bible—well, of course, very handsome, and not expensive for its size, but still not just an ordinary reading book. The Everyman New Testament—very useful and very cheap—but, after all, we agreed, not specially well printed, and by its chronological arrangement of the books it has rather a special purpose. So there seemed to be a good opportunity for a new edition.

But nothing is simple in these complicated times of ours, and nothing can be produced without the most elaborate preparations. Paper, ink, typesetting, machining, casing and binding—and then all the office work of advertisement and distribution! and not one of these things but involves a world-wide co-operation. Industrialism is the co-operative state par excellence, or at any rate by nature. Book production is to-day as much an industrial undertaking as any of the 'heavy industries'. No man to-day makes anything because it pleases him so to do, or because it has pleased someone to ask it of him; everything is the product of an elaborate and complicated co-operation, in which nobody makes anything for anybody, but every one makes a bit of something, or minds the machine which does it, for nobody knows who. I say 'every one', and of course I am not forgetting the 'artists'. But they are too few to count, and too

eccentric to matter. Books at a price which ordinary people can afford (unless they restrict themselves to one book a year, or go without many of the other blessings of industrialism—

... the Residence, the Car, and all Thy wife's long dreams come true in dread array—),

books at an ordinary price must toe the industrial line. And strange though it may seem, this is good for the book. It must be plain and neat. It must, if it is to be respectable, carefully avoid all 'art nonsense', except, dare I say? such as is necessary to sell it—to sell it to a public which still fondly believes that it lives in a pre-industrial world, and can have all the ornamental fallals which graced and frequently disgraced the products of our forefathers. So, it seemed to us, this new edition of the New Testament must have, at least, a few illustrations, so that the public could like it for the wrong reasons, and therefore buy it.

But first of all this new edition is, we said, to be a product of industrialism. A good machine-made type on good machine-paper; handset type, for various technical reasons, but of course machine printed. Illustrations engraved on wood (again for technical reasons), but only a few of them (to keep down the cost). A product of industrialism, frankly that, but, as we on our side fondly believe, a good industrial product—a readable book, a decent, neat book, a solemn book, but not a dull one—in fact, a nice-looking book, and therefore a beautiful one.

So much for the book production. As to the text, though it seemed absurd to provide a row of bushes for such wine, the public, we said, will want to know why on earth they should, at this time of day, buy another Bible. Well, scholarship has progressed no less than industry; and science has been applied to letters no less than to commerce. There are certain seemly emendations which might well be made to the Authorized Version of the most high and mighty Prince James. The Provost of Eton, by name and avocation the most suitable scientist for the job, agreed to give the work his editorial supervision, and to write an introduction.

If the public likes this New Testament we hope and, in fact, intend to do the whole Bible.

J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 224 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ont.



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